Madam Perkins *Charles Wyzanski*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Can Chavez Cope With Success?

Joel Solkoff

Beaten Up in Boston

Edward Zuckerman

Douglas J. Stewart on Lost Solemnity
Tad Szulc on Our Cuba Problem
John Osborne on Kissinger under Pressure
Richard Walton on Adlai Stevenson

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TRB

from Washington
May 22, 1976

Men of the Year, 1926

A reporter who occasionally covers the Senate can't help a sneaking hope that Daniel Patrick Moynihan, erstwhile ambassador to the UN, erstwhile envoy to India, erstwhile historian, urbanologist, sociologist, erstwhile everything else, might reach that body. It's stodgy and needs flamboyance. It wasn't always this way. Before radio and television, when a member in a string tie and swallowtails could reach a crowd of 10,000 without straining his tonsils or using amplifiers, the Senate always had a sprinkling of wonderful eccentrics, let alone some noble characters, sometimes combined in one man. They are still there, perhaps, masquerading as solid citizens, but electronics has flattened them out, and the disguise is deep.

This isn't an endorsement of Pat Moynihan who, according to some reports, is about to toss his leprechaun's hat into the senatorial race in New York; it is just a nostalgic thought about old times where he might have fitted in better. He's gregarious and controversy-prone, and the fatherless Irish shoeshine boy turned counselor to presidents would liven the Senate up. I found myself turning to a red-bound *Congressional Directory*, 69th Congress, 2nd Session, December 1926, Calvin Coolidge president, with the cover stamped "Cora Rigby." Half a century ago . . . The Senate list is there, all 96 of them: 53 Republicans in roman type; 42 Democrats *in italic type*, and one Farmer-Labor in ROMAN CAPS—that was Henrik Shipstead, practicing dentist of Kandiyohi County, Minn., who could pass a law or take out a tooth.

My eyes move lovingly down the list starting with witty, courtly Henry F. Ashurst (D) of Arizona, who defined a happy life as one that lasted 90 creative years and ended with a shot from a jealous husband. There is Royal Copeland of New York, with his red carnation. There is gimlet-eyed, austere, Tom Walsh, Teapot Dome prosecutor, born in Two Rivers, Wisconsin but Montanan by choice—the nemesis of Albert Fall. Aiding him in the inquiry was Burton K. Wheeler whose apartment, like Walsh's, was mysteriously rifled, office ransacked, telephone tapped, mail opened, and past probed by government agents.

Melodrama didn't begin with *All the President's Men*. Here is the clown from Alabama: "An empty taxi drove up and Heflin stepped out," somebody quipped: an amiable and likable phony, "Tom-Tom" Heflin, who, as *Time* magazine used to say, "mortally hates and fears the Pope of Rome."

What a contrast with humorless Reed Smoot, lugubrious as an undertaker, whose coming to Washington in 1903 occasioned a row because he was a Mormon and did they still practice polygamy? He didn't; in 1926 he was in his fifth term and the author of the violently protectionist Smoot-Hawley tariff. He was immensely powerful (under Coolidge) as chairman of the Finance Committee. Poor chap, he was scandalized by modern laxity and wanted to censor periodicals, provoking the alliterative headline, "Smite smut, Smoot!"

It is a Senate to watch. Reporters loll in their chamber behind the press gallery as they do today, but no longer does the gallery superintendent poke his head through the swing door to cry, "Borah's up!" The room empties in a minute; everybody piles out into the gallery to hear the great rumbling tones of the leonine orator. What an accolade for a man 50 years later; just two words—"Borah's up!"

Down there, too, is Carter Glass from Virginia, founder of the Federal Reserve System, testy and emotional, with an odd twist to his mouth and an accent everybody tries to imitate. "Just think what Carter would say," Woodrow Wilson observed once in pretended awe, "if he used his *whole* mouth!"

"Fighting Bob" LaFollete is gone but his Wisconsin seat is taken by his son. Just two years before in the three-way presidential race LaFollete, Sr. got five million votes. At that 1924 Democratic Madison Square Garden convention another Alabama senator was his state's favorite son. The convention was the first broadcast by radio and ran to 103 ballots. As the battle swung between Al Smith and William Gibbs McAdoo, the roll call started with Alabama, delivered in a stentorian Southern accent—"Al-a-bam-ah casts twenty-fo' votes for (pause) Oscar W. *UN*-derwood!"

What a list. Hiram Johnson, Pat Harrison, Jim Couzens, steely-eyed Jim Reed, that wonderful fraud, Jim Watson. Presiding over it is Gen. Charles G. (Hell-and-Maria) Dawes. They had crackling personalities (like Fiorello LaGuardia over in the House), which somehow the TV age tends to standardize, subdue, flatten. The present election is a media event—for the first time we have an actual Hollywood actor running for president, and inevitably this is a trend so long as we pick candidates by personality parade; television discards issues, parties and the supporting cast of congressmen and throws its spotlight on the Big Shot—the thespian type.

There was one man in the 69th Congress who didn't fit the pattern, George Norris of Nebraska. He was simple, idealistic, rock-hard. In the House he overthrew Speaker Joe Cannon, and in the Senate got through the 20th Amendment ending the notorious lame duck session. Then after a 15-year struggle, he won Muscle Shoals for the people. Public ownership shocked Coolidge and Hoover and for the sake of private enterprise Henry Ford offered $5 million to buy the priceless nitrate plant. In his veto Hoover said that public ownership would "break down the initiative and enterprise of the American people . . . I hesitate to contemplate the future of our institutions, of our Government, and of our country if the preoccupation of its officials is to be no longer the promotion of justice and equal opportunity but is to be devoted to barter in the markets. This is not liberalism, it is degeneration." Sounds like Mr. Ford vetoing the day-care bill.

George Norris had arched eyebrows that gave him a surprised look, and he was a poor speaker but, as FDR said of him on a special outdoor stop at McCook, Nebraska (September 28, 1932) as the sunset burned and throbbed above the prairie, "He was the very perfect gentle knight of American progressive ideals."

Quite a crowd when you come to think about it.

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The State Of the Race

Hubert Humphrey was reminded, he said, of a 1930s world welterweight titleholder named Pete Latzo. "Latzo came out to South Dakota and lost a ten round exhibition bout to a local lad named Clyde Hull. It was like a champion fighting on the county fair circuit and losing to a guy who walks out of the crowd. His title wasn't on the line, but, after that, everybody knew that Latzo could be beaten. Pete was never the same"—he adds, shaking a raised index finger for emphasis—"*and neither was his following.*"

Humphrey told that story the morning after Frank Church edged Jimmy Carter in the first primary contest of his presidential candidacy in Nebraska. Humphrey's point wasn't lost on any of his listeners.

Just as the prolonged talk about a deadlocked convention had begun to subside in favor of the assumption that Jimmy Carter was the inevitable Democrat, the Georgia governor began to encounter some buffeting on several fronts. Despite his momentum, Carter has been unable to overcome resistance to his candidacy in caucuses and state conventions around the country. In Colorado, Louisiana, Maine, Missouri and Nevada (where there will also be a primary), the frontrunner ran behind uncommitted slates fielded by local party leaders, losing in some instances by margins of two or three-to-one. In the Connecticut town primaries, Morris Udall held Carter to a virtual stand-off, running on tenacity alone, with his money still embargoed by the Federal Elections Commission and the remains of his organization totally committed to Michigan. Then, within days of Jerry Brown's announcement and the opening of his campaign in Maryland, Carter announced that his own polls show the newcomer ahead in that state. And finally, just as Carter was leaking lists of potential running mates this old new guy, Frank Church, walked out of the crowd in Nebraska, sized him up, and took him to the mat.

These events suggest several things. First, the press has been far too quick this year to make conclusive judgments about the contests in both parties. After Ronald Reagan's early losses to Gerald Ford, there was a mass analysis of how the exercise had improved the President's chances in November; there was a scramble to explain that Reagan's mission was ended and that he had aided the GOP cause by giving the President and his organization some campaign experience. That's not the way things look in mid-May. On the Democratic side, it is well to

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remember how far along we are: at this writing, Jimmy Carter has won 11 primaries and will shortly have amassed more popular vote support than any candidate in the history of the Democratic party. Slightly more than half the delegates have now been selected. Carter, despite his sweeps in Texas, Indiana and Georgia, can lay claim to only a third of these, a ratio he has been unable to improve upon since the first caucuses in Iowa.

Also, there are still 540 delegates on the block in Ohio, New Jersey and California on the final day, June 8. At the moment these primaries should be conceded to no one, and the results in Maryland and Michigan will probably shape their outcomes.

The outcome in both parties for the balance of this year could be determined by how many blue-collar union Democrats who supported George Wallace in the 1972 Michigan primary stay in their own party this year and support Carter—as early polls indicate they will—and how many decide to cross-over and help deliver the GOP nomination to Ronald Reagan.

Carter's success in converting uncommitted delegates to his cause has thus far been limited. All the uncommitted have had a chance to board the Carter bandwagon at one time or another, and all but a few have stayed back. This, perhaps, suggests a hardening of the lines at just the time many people expected opposition to his candidacy to subside in the interests of party unity. Carter's inability to consolidate stems from the nature of his campaign; he is an insurgent, this year's chief beneficiary of the new rules which diminish the power of the party's entrenched leadership state-by-state. By running everywhere, running against party leaders wherever necessary and beating them more often as not, he has cultivated a mutual wariness, an attitude that is reinforced by the Georgian's consistent posture as a non-establishment figure. That is the essence of his winning image, the stuff of his success up to now, but it leaves him with a dilemma in the weeks ahead as he seeks to unify the party by paying court to the lofty pooh-bahs, men like George Meany and Richard Daley, the House and Senate leadership, the governors and party chairmen—that is, the party establishment, the Washington establishment. Right now Carter is having it both ways. In Maryland, where Jerry Brown has the support of old line party and labor leaders, Carter is running against the bosses, and crying cabal. On the other hand, in Michigan, home of the United Auto Workers, Carter is backed both by union president Leonard Woodcock and by Henry Ford. As Hubert Humphrey put it last week: if Woodcock's not a boss he's not a "Christian endeavor worker" either. On election day Carter will have had the benefit of the most effective statewide political apparatus in American labor. In those circumstances, of course, Carter's only remaining opponent, Mo Udall is running against the bosses.

COMING: Nathan Lewin
on what may happen
to the right of privacy

For a short time after Pennsylvania and Texas, the sages said that for the next six weeks it would be Carter against Carter, that he was out there by himself, and the nomination was his if he didn't make another ethnic purity-like slip and throw it away. Church's victory, Udall's resilience and Brown's running start in Maryland all call that hypothesis into question. They also say something about the nature of political support this year. In the last two Democratic contests, Indochina impelled a different quality of involvement—support was deep and diehard on all sides. No issue strikes the electorate in quite the same way today, so Jimmy Carter's momentum is sustained mainly by his success, by his ability to keep winning. But momentum is a fragile commodity, particularly in Carter's case where much of it is media induced. Frank Church did have more paid advertising in Nebraska and spent much more time campaigning there; but both were necessary to overcome the enormous publicity advantage enjoyed by Carter in the days leading up to that contest, including cover stories in both *Time* and *Newsweek*. The point is that Church was able to do it; he punctured Carter's image of invincibility and inevitability. Carter's support is soft, that's for sure; if a loss or two will have the same impact on his following as it did on Pete Latzo's remains to be seen.

If, as now expected, Jerry Brown wins in Maryland and Morris Udall does creditably in Michigan's proportional primary, one more assumption of the period of Carter's ascendency will be shelved: the notion that 1000 or 1100 or anything less than 1505 delegates guarantees the nomination. When the Democrats abandoned their unwieldy two-thirds requirement for nomination in 1936, it was replaced with majority rule. The current assumption that some arbitrary lesser plurality should suffice is an artifact of the public relations of this campaign. It is also an idea that seems to have taken hold only in the Democratic party. Neither Ford's forces nor Reagan's are plagued by similar assumptions on the Republican side.

The more than 3000 delegates on the floor of Madison Square Garden will include the representatives of at least 13 different presidential candidates, and nearly one third of all delegates will be uncommitted or unbound at the outset. If the convention produces no first ballot nomination, legal mandates will begin to expire, leaving many more delegates unobligated. Very few of these people have previously seen a second ballot at a national convention. In forging a national ticket, they should be guided by their assessments of the contenders and by the reality that nothing less than a majority of their number can produce a nominee.

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Gracias, Fidel

In a bizarre way, Cuba pushes the US into policies that, were it not for Fidel Castro, might never have been formulated—policies in which successive administrations have taken real, if belated, pride. Cuba was physically attacked and has been villified by the US for the past 17 years, since Castro came to power in Havana. And despite it all the Cubans have succeeded, from the birth of their revolution, in placing the "Colossus of the North" on the defensive. Cuba has created conditions under which Washington had little choice but to react as it did.

The most recent example of the phenomenon is the "new" policy in southern Africa enunciated by Secretary of State Kissinger during his recent tour. Kissinger would not have announced the "unrelenting opposition" of the US to minority white rule in Rhodesia—and probably would not have made the African trip at all—had Cuban military intervention in Angola not imposed a new reality in that part of the world. Simultaneously, the danger arose of guerrilla warfare against the Ian Smith regime in Salisbury. Before Angola, the US was satisfied to ignore conditions in southern Africa.

That Kissinger's initiatives in Africa, including his promise of expanded American aid to the "Third World," which he made at the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development in Nairobi, are grist for the mill of Ronald Reagan's jingoistic presidential campaign is a separate matter. It is painfully ironic that on one of the few occasions Kissinger has enunicated an enlightened policy—the Panama Canal negotiations are another example—Kissinger has become the target of ultra-conservative political attacks that, given President Ford's own uncertainties, endanger the policy.

Cuba has been affecting US foreign policy since the Eisenhower Administration. While opposing the Cuban revolution with all its might (preparations for the Bay of Pigs invasion had started under Eisenhower in mid-1960), the US decided that the time had suddenly come to pay attention to Latin American economic and social problems. The Act of Bogotá—the first serious effort by the US to face change in Latin America—was clearly a response by the Eisenhower Administration to the threat that the Cuban revolution might be "exported" throughout the Hemisphere.

When John Kennedy launched the Alliance for Progress on March 13, 1961 (five weeks before the Bay of Pigs), he took another step to avert the spread of the Cuban revolutionary influence. A massive program compared to the Act of Bogotá and earlier American policies in the region, the Alliance was as much an anti-Castro effort as it was an expression of new US idealism. Significantly, the rhetoric of the day propounded "evolution, not revolution" in Latin America, and the accent was purely reformist. Cynical Latins said, "Gracias, Fidel" whenever a new Alliance for Progress project was inaugurated.

Cuba also affected US-Soviet relations. Many people believe that Castro might not have encouraged the Russians to emplace nuclear missiles on his island in 1962 had the US not carried out the Bay of Pigs adventure a year earlier. As part of his missile crisis settlement, Kennedy made assurances that the US would not repeat invasion attempts. The long-range effect of the missile crisis was to define, for the first time, the boundaries of Soviet nuclear deployments. The price paid by the US was the renunciation of military action against Cuba.

In 1964, President Johnson undertook negotiations with Panama over the status of the canal. He was responding to wild riots around the Canal Zone. But another of his concerns was that the Cuban revolution might infect Panama if efforts were not made to draft a new treaty. Kissinger, evidently realizing the degree of radicalization in the Caribbean (clearly inspired by the Cuban example) and the emerging Third World support for Panama, resumed the negotiations in 1974. Today, given the warm relationship between Panama's strong man, Gen. Omar Torrijos, and Castro, the Ford Administration is trying to justify attempts to negotiate a treaty by raising the specter of guerrilla warfare against the US in Panama. There should be, of course, a more valid public argument for defending a policy of self-enlightened US interest in the area, but that's the best that Ford, responding to Reagan's use of the canal issue, could do.

In Africa, the victory of the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) was facilitated by the well-armed Cuban expeditionary force. The Cuban intervention, in concert with the Soviets, forced a rethinking of American policy in southern Africa.

Prior to Angola, the US was content to look the other way while Smith ran his white racist minority régime. The Administration, for example, made no effort in five years to repeal the Byrd Amendment, which, by allowing US corporations to import chromium from Rhodesia, violated the United Nations embargo on Salisbury. The policy was based on a 1970 conclusion by the White House that white régimes in Africa were safely entrenched, an illusion shattered by the 1974 revolution and the grant of independence to Mozambique and Angola.

Even the Portuguese revolution failed to alter US policies in southern Africa. Only when the Cubans demonstrated that the black liberation movements had a serious ally did Kissinger discover that the US simply could not go on espousing every unpopular cause in Africa. So America's "unrelenting opposition" to Ian Smith was born. And it's the Africans' turn to say, "Gracias, Fidel."

Tad Szulc

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White House Watch

Pressure on Henry

Henry Kissinger was hardly back from his first tour of southern Africa when he went running to trusted friends, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller notably among them, asking them whether he had become a political liability to the President and therefore should resign. Kissinger, who years ago proved himself a past master at getting people to beg him to do what he wants to do, heard what he presumably wanted to hear. He was urged and begged to calm down, hang in there, and ignore the complaints that some Republican politicians were making to the President. The immediate complaint was that Kissinger's advocacy of black majority rule in Rhodesia and South Africa and his declaration of "unrelenting opposition" to the white minority government of Rhodesia, just three days before the Republican primary in Texas, had contributed materially to Ronald Reagan's triumph and Mr. Ford's disastrous defeat in that contest. A more general complaint was that Kissinger had come to personify all in Ford foreign policy that was most vulnerable to Reagan's distorted, disgraceful and politically effective charges that the administration was giving the Panama Canal back to Panama and, in a soft-headed pursuit of peaceful accomodation with the Soviet Union, letting that Communist power achieve strategic superiority over the United States.

The Republican complaints to the President were not really as weighty as Kissinger seemed to think they were when he returned from Africa on May 7. Sen. Robert P. Griffin of Michigan, the assistant Republican leader in the Senate, told reporters that one person at a Republican leadership meeting with the President had "suggested that Secretary Kissinger ought to go." Griffin didn't identify the person and others at the meeting said they didn't recall anyone going quite that far. Griffin said he didn't think Kissinger's resignation "would help politically." John Rhodes of Arizona, the House Republican leader, complained through a spokesman and in person that Kissinger's Africa trip and declarations were poorly timed. He also said, rather elliptically, that "in my opinion Henry Kissinger has been and is a fine Secretary of State" and that "one of the real signs of his greatness is that he will know when he has gathered enough barnacles and scars so he can no longer be an effective Secretary of State." A spokesman said Rhodes didn't mean that last remark to be the nudge that it could be interpreted to be. Rep. Robert H. Michel of Illinois, the assistant House Republican leader, was quoted as saying the Africa trip had a "devastating effect" in southern states and that Kissinger ought to be "muzzled." Asked through his secretary if he'd been quoted correctly, Michel sent word that he'd said it all and meant it all "in spades."

We concentrate in the remainder of this report on the Africa trip, the prelude to it and its aftermath because the sequence perfectly illustrates Kissinger's relationship with the President, Mr. Ford's part in a difficult, risky shift in foreign policy, and his handling of the problem that it made for him.

When reporters tried to pin upon the President explicit responsibility for Kissinger's most incendiary statement in Africa, the declaration of "unrelenting opposition" to continued white minority rule in Rhodesia, Press Secretary Ron Nessen said over and over (with slight variations): "I want you to know that the President makes foreign policy and Dr. Kissinger carries out and enunciates that foreign policy, and that is what he has done on his African trip." A reluctance to add to Gerald Ford's liabilities in a period of unexpected and possibly ruinous erosion in the Republican primaries was understandable. But it seemed to me that the President would have been better served if Nessen had been authorized, as he obviously had not been, to be explicit and detailed about Mr. Ford's role in formulating and approving the positions stated by Kissinger in Africa. It's true enough that the President and Kissinger declared the United States to be for black majority rule and against white minority rule in the black countries of southern Africa only after the Soviet-Cuban success in Angola thoroughly frightened an administration that, like all of its predecessors, had been indifferent to the blacks of southern Africa and indeed to black Africa as such. It also may be argued that "majority rule", meaning black rule in Rhodesia, South Africa and Southwest Africa ("Namibia"), would not automatically and necessarily be in the national interest of the United States as that interest is usually and narrowly defined. But, however ignoble its immediate origins and motivation, the revised African policy that Gerald Ford authorized and Henry Kissinger enunciated is *right*. It is right morally and, I believe, will in the long run prove to be right politically and in terms of national security.

Mr. Ford's responsibility for the policy is total. He, Kissinger and a few advisers, including both political and national security assistants, discussed every aspect of the policy and possible alternatives to it before Kissinger went to Africa. Kissinger and others reminded the President that the enunciation of the policy at this time—the key statement of it occurred at Lusaka, Zambia, on April 27—would surely have unfavorable political effects. I am told at the White House—not at the State Department—that Mr. Ford's reaction to this warning was instant, emphatic, unmistakable. He said that if this was the right and necessary thing to do and say, and he had come to believe it was, he was not going to let election-year considerations interfere with either the doing, the saying or the timing of it.

At a press conference before he left for Africa, Kissinger outlined the policy and the American

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commitment to "majority rule." The politicians who were soon whining about the timing had nothing to say about it then. In a season of weekly primaries, there was no "good time" for such an announcement, anyhow, so that part of the complaint never made much sense. The passages in Kissinger's Lusaka speech that made most of the trouble for him and the President were: ". . . the United States declares . . . that independence must be preceded by majority rule which, in turn must be achieved no later than two years following the expeditious conclusion of negotiations [between black nationalists and the white Rhodesian government];" and "the Salisbury regime must understand that . . . it will face our unrelenting opposition until a negotiated settlement is achieved." A promise to press for repeal of a law that permits the US importation of Rhodesian chrome in violation of UN economic sanctions probably had to be made, though neither the Nixon nor Ford administrations ever really worked for repeal and Kissinger and the President must have known that Congress probably won't repeal the law. Congressman Gerald Ford voted for the law.

A passage in the speech that Kissinger drafted with the utmost care and that the President fouled up when he tried to paraphrase it during the final days of his Texas campaign had to do with white rights under black rule in "Zimbabwe," the name that the blacks intend to give the country. Kissinger said: "Finally, we state our conviction that whites as well as blacks should have a secure future and civil rights . . . A constitutional structure should protect minority rights together with establishing majority rule." Mr. Ford said in Texas:" . . . our policy would guarantee minority rights for any individuals in any of those countries in Africa." A reporter asked Press Secretary Nessen whether the President meant, as Kissinger had carefully avoided even suggesting, that the US would guarantee white rights. Nessen checked and reported that the President did not mean this—"we won't do the guaranteeing," Nessen said. Mr. Ford proceeded to say in his next reference to the matter: "This country has traditionally believed that under any and all circumstances we should protect minority rights or guarantee minority rights" and added that "as long as we seek to guarantee the minority rights of individuals in Rhodesia," a peaceful settlement should be attainable. He confined himself to saying once that the US would do its best "to make sure that minority rights . . . will be guaranteed" and then went back to saying: "We believe that in the process of self-determination we must absolutely guarantee the rights of the minorities . . ." Of course the US can neither make nor enforce such a guarantee. Mr. Ford never meant to say, while saying repeatedly, that it could and would.

A sad feature of the aftermath was the shortage of praise from quarters that should have been generously praising the President and Henry Kissinger. The Congressional Black Caucus welcomed the trip as a first step toward a viable Africa policy but said the proof will be in what happens next. Hubert Humphrey in a statement and eight more or less liberal Republican senators in a draft resolution commended Kissinger for charting "a more moral foreign policy" and for signalling "a new realism in United States policy toward Africa." These and a few other commendations got less notice than the feckless argument over whether the amended policy was good or bad politics. One of the few heartening features was the assurance conveyed to me that the President is determined to stick with Kissinger. If our Henry would accept that as fact and quit fretting all over the place, he and the President and the country would be the better for it.

John Osborne

The Flowering of Contempt

Lost Solemnity

In the last analysis ability is commonly found to consist mainly in a high degree of solemnity . . . . —Ambrose Bierce

It was bound to happen, one supposes. Henri Peyrefitte's "accusation" that the Pope is homosexual—let's forget whether it might be true, appropriate or in any conscious political sense justifiable—is a kind of *ne plus ultra* of a trend that has taken very few years to develop into a brand new historical problem for those capable of thinking about it, namely the disappearance in our era of solemnity as the ultimate guardian in the throne room of authority. It is a different phenomenon from revolution—or at least its revolutionary character is beclouded and uncertain—because it reveals a spreading desire among the populace, any populace in any jurisdiction, not to rebel and wrest power away from their rulers, but to "answer back," heckle and jape at them, specifically to hurl contempt in their faces and embarrass them to the point of . . . of just what is hard to say, perhaps to a form of "career suicide."

Consider. Since 1968 we have seen two Presidents driven to their respective walls and slaughtered as public figures as much by haunting, incessant shows of public contempt as by any judicial or specifically political acts. As well, their personal lives have been gleefully raked up even afterwards, no doubt so that their ghosts will stay down. Another President, once revered as a martyr, has had *his* personal life raked up as well, as though proof of a steady diet of degeneracy in the White House going back a decade-and-a-half were the proper folklore antidote to executive pretensions, used rather as is garlic to ward off vampires. (And, if Gore Vidal could have his way, the private life of even Eisenhower would be subjected to the American

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version of Peking's famous wall posters).

Whence comes this sudden flowering of contempt, this thirst for reasons to belittle and laugh at men in high office? Cynics and satirists have labored for millenia to accomplish just that result, of course, but their literary efforts have mainly gained the appreciation of their fellow lodge-members. To shake the seats of prelates and the thrones of princes—what Swift, Voltaire and Byron could not accomplish—is now accomplished on a timetable that seemingly grows more and more efficient, by a public audience that buys newspapers and magazines, and occasionally books, to see what new dirt Peyrefitte or Woodward and Bernstein have to tell them about the follies, fantasies and near-insanities of the so-called great. Indeed, it is as if Mencken had never labored, a paradox of astonishing proportions, really. It is now not for the aristocrats to condemn the masses as foolish, irrational guttersnipes, but for the masses to turn the tables and cast their rulers in the role of foolish, maudlin and cretinous tickle-brains, if not actual vermin.

My theory about this turn of affairs goes as follows. This century has seen the first attempt in history, over an important part of the world, to educate *everybody*. I should say "educate," because I don't mean really deep or searching mental and intellectual development putting everyone in touch with Homer and Milton, Euclid and Kepler, at *their* wavelengths, but just a passable literacy and formal ability to peruse the affairs of the day by whatever means are available. And, in contrast with so many other strivings of public policy in this century, this one was seemingly so un-political that no one importantly disagreed with it in principle, and all regimes, liberal or conservative, Fascist or Communist, colonial or feudal, strove to advance the cause of literacy and the spread of information. It was wonderful as a program: it was easy to do because paper and airwaves are easier to manipulate than, say, concrete or asphalt for roads or industrial plants; it was something almost no one could object to because learning has always been a magic word and because it was a nonideological idea; and it was something almost any government in fact knows how to do, as opposed, on occasion, to fighting wars, managing the economy or achieving justice. (It was just a complex form of talking or publicity, and what have all politicians done since the dawn of time but talk and publicize *something*?)

But no one seems to have seen what has just begun to hit all governments and régimes. As the general level of literacy and information-access in the whole populace rose to approximate that of the rulers themselves, crises have gone off all over the world. Not primary crises like defeat in war or the collapse of diplomatic or economic schemes, but a new form of secondary crisis consisting of massive disbelief, and its frequent vigorous expression, by the citizenry, on the grounds that the people were being talked down to by leaders who in fact could no longer persuade by the authority of office alone, and had to start arguing in terms the populace by now was reasonably familiar with, and the judgment by the populace was in several spectacular cases: baloney! A comparison of the US presidency and the papacy is revealing here. In just about the same stages, and at the same time, as our President was struggling to explicate the Vietnam War to an increasingly sceptical populace, so the Pope was struggling to maintain docile order and discipline in the Church on the issue of contraception. The results were, roughly, parallel. The Pope encountered a concert of opposition—rising to derision with the issuance of *Humane Vitae*—from Catholics who knew just about as much on the subject as he did, and in many cases felt they could reason a good deal better than he chose to do. President Johnson, by 1967 and '68, could no longer fall back on the arguments used in the earlier phases of the Vietnam War around 1963-64 (typical: "The administration has access to more facts and figures than we do, so we have to trust them."), for by 1967 the populace probably had access to *better* facts than the President, through the writings of Bernard Fall and many others. By 1967 the President was reduced to arguing with the populace, or else standing on his dignity and refusing to hold press conferences: the *vox pop.*, through the press, was getting a little too close, and the heat was building. In *Humanae Vitae* the Pope fell to arguing with millions who could argue as well as he could, and certainly several thousands who could argue a good deal better. The Pope does not hold press conferences, so he can't cancel them when he's nervous, but the flatness of his encyclical, his failure to respond to critics (until his recent missive on sexuality, which tries to win the old battle in a new court), and his diversionary forays into the politics of Jerusalem are a fair mark of the losses he has suffered.

When Richard Nixon gained the presidency proclaiming a "secret plan" to end the war "with honor," he proved once again that he had badly read the charts of history. This, and his other posturings as super-personage, a "sovereign" no less, stirred an inchoate vein of contempt in the populace all over again: they were content to wait, just in case there really was a secret plan of some sort, and they even re-elected him overwhelmingly (those who voted, that is; half the qualified electorate failed to vote, another ominous bench mark of contempt), but though he ended the war, but by means that proved how silly his "secret" talk was and that it could have ended that way four years earlier, the populace was quite prepared to pounce on him over the Watergate scandal as though the '72 majority were a cake of ice in the August sun.

Here, Nixon never understood the role of the press. The press, if anything, was timid, downlooking and egregiously respectful of the old-fashioned symbols of power and the solemnity of office. The populace reached the obvious conclusions about John Mitchell—

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Martha helped, of course, but only in the same direction the populace was already going—long before Woodward and Bernstein (or Jason Robards) *tell us they* saw quite what the facts were. How silly. The press *can't* bring down a President the populace doesn't want brought down. In Watergate, the press, like Nixon, operated as though the old rules of solemnity guarding a high public figure were in place, and proceeded with a minuet of caution that misread the actual state of affairs: the people were hungry for raw meat and incensed that the humbug the administration had been giving them, first over Vietnam, then over Watergate itself, was so trivial, so contemptuous, so "see-through-able." Watergate was an affair of only *n* dimension, in and of itself, in constitutional and political terms, but it happened to coincide with an historical event of arguably vaster proportions, namely the realization by the populace that its rulers and so-called leaders neither know more nor can think better than the average of the populace, and, under the stress of temptation, greed, fear or *hubris*, frequently think and reason *worse* than that average. And certainly, they explain themselves worse. The new era of political dislocation, unpredictable swings of feeling, and widespread contempt for leaders, an age of anti-solemnity, is coming down upon us much faster than we want to realize, I expect, and poses all sorts of new challenges to our concepts of the political process itself. Ideological politics, in particular, seems threatened as a first premise. The idea that rulers are in any sense leaders is equally under attack. And finally we may face the "utopia" satirists, Marxists and sundry other political daydreamers have imagined, but in a way unimaginable to them, namely the withering away of the state, not through a direct application of conscious energy to a critique of political and social institutions, but through a massive withdrawal of respect and courtesy from those mountebanks and nonentities who struggle to vault themselves into positions of institutional prominence, only to find that the populace has already discounted their importance and forever questioned their sincerity and credibility.

Douglas J. Stewart

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Landsmark and Poleet

Beaten Up in Boston

by Edward Zuckerman

On the morning of Monday, April 5, a group of Boston high school students was photographed by a newspaper cameraman as they recited the pledge of allegiance to an American flag in the chamber of the city council. The picture, as it appeared in the next day's *Herald-American*, shows the flag being held by a student in a dark jacket; he is supporting it with his left hand while holding his right hand over his heart. Next to him is standing a student in a light windbreaker who is using both hands to hold a sign saying "RESIST," as he too says the pledge.

The two students appear again in a series of photographs taken a few minutes later. The fellow in the light jacket, having dropped his sign, is kicking a black man who lies sprawled on the ground. The student in the dark jacket is still holding his flag; but he's using it as a lance as he lunges at the black victim. Several other students are seen joining in the attack—an attack that left Theodore Landsmark with a broken nose, cuts and bruises, and formally began the latest period of racial tension and violence in Boston.

Fourteen days after the attack on Landsmark, a white man named Richard Poleet was dragged from his car by a gang of black youths and beaten; he now survives only with the aid of a respirator. No photographs were taken of that incident. They'd be hard to look at, for it is said that much of Poleet's face was destroyed by stones and a cinder block.

Landsmark and Poleet are household words in Boston now. The attacks on the two men are related to one another, and they are both related to a larger train of events that, as yet, shows no sign of coming to an end.

When 200 white high school students protesting school busing converged on Boston City Hall April 5, they ended up being served hot chocolate in the city council chamber as guests of City Council President Louise Day Hicks. "I didn't know they were coming

Mr. Zuckerman writes for *The Real Paper* in Boston.

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until I heard it on the radio," Hicks said later. "I was in my office and could see down on the plaza that there were youngsters coming across carrying signs. It was cold that morning, and a few of them came in and asked if they could come into the chamber. They knew that another time a group from East Boston had been invited in by Councilor Langone and had cocoa. I said they could come in, and I arranged for hot chocolate to be served."

The students might have done just as well by approaching Councilor John Kerrigan, a vehement opponent of busing to achieve desegregation who last year moved up to the council from the Boston School Committee, or Councilor Albert "Dapper" O'Neill, who usually carries a gun and recently said "I have lived and breathed anti-forced busing all my life." But they were also safe in approaching Hicks, whose career as a Boston school committeewoman, US congresswoman and Boston city councilor has been founded largely on her opposition to busing. Until two months ago, signs spelling out the word "ROAR," the name of Boston's leading antibusing organization, were visible in her office windows and those of O'Neill next door, facing out on City Hall plaza below. The April 5 group was not the first antibusing student group Ms. Hicks had received in the city council chamber, which had also been until recently a frequent meeting place for the ROAR organization.

On January 26, a group of 100 white students had walked out of Charlestown High School and over to City Hall. On the way, they chased and threw snowballs at a black passerby, who managed to run away. A white passerby who protested was knocked to the ground and beaten. (Police arrived but made no arrests.) A few minutes later the students entered the city council chamber and were greeted by Hicks, who praised the "boys and girls" for their good behavior. Afterward, a television reporter asked her if she knew what had happened during the march. She said she did and explained that the behavior she had praised was the students' good behavior *after* they had reached City Hall.

On both January 26 and April 5, the students who marched on City Hall should have been in school. But, as Boston nears the end of its second year of federal court-ordered desegregation, sporadic school boycotts are commonplace. On Friday, April 2, leaflets had been distributed in schools calling for a boycott the following Monday. And, on Monday, the boycott was stunningly effective in Charlestown and South Boston, the two largely Irish working class enclaves that are centers of opposition to busing. At Charlestown High School, only 172 of the 400 whites enrolled were in their classes. At South Boston High School, which has been placed in federal receivership by Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr., only nine of 338 whites showed up.

The students' reasons for boycotting and demonstrating were presented in a list of demands they read aloud in the city council chamber. They included an end to "forced busing," accurate reporting of racial incidents in the schools (whites contend that violence by blacks is under-reported), and the resignation of schools Superintendent Marion Fahey either as superintendent or as the court appointed receiver of South Boston High School. In addition, the students' statement charged that they were receiving an education "two or three years below our grade level" and said they "refused to be sacrificial lambs and sacrifice our education for a black and white numbers game."

After reading the statement, pledging allegiance to the flag and drinking their cocoa, the students left the council chamber, heading for the nearby federal courthouse to picket Judge Garrity, the man they blame for their troubles. It was Garrity who ordered Boston's schools desegregated by the use of busing, inter-district "magnet" schools and other means. It is not often pointed out now that Garrity ordered desegregation not only because Boston's housing patterns tended to create segregated schools, but because he found that the Boston School Committee had for years *deliberately* promoted segregation by its policies on school construction, pupil assignments, pupil transfers, the drawing of district lines and the hiring of staff. The school committee, Garrity wrote in his decision, had "knowingly carried out a systematic program of segregation" despite years of warnings from the state and federal governments. By refusing to work toward integration, the school committee made Garrity's order inevitable.

Nevertheless, it was Garrity the antibusing demonstrators set off to picket on April 5. As they left City Hall heading for the federal courthouse, they came upon a racially-mixed group from one of Boston's peacefully integrated "magnet" schools who were visiting City Hall as part of a "political discovery" program, and a brief scuffle ensued. Taunts were exchanged and some objects were thrown, although what was thrown at whom remains a matter of controversy.

All accounts agree that, a few seconds after the groups separated, the antibusing demonstrators encountered Theodore Landsmark. Landsmark, 29, is executive director of the Contractors' Association of Boston, a federally funded group working to increase participation by minority contractors in building projects. (This issue, pressed at a time when unemployment is high, led to violence in early May when members of a group demanding 50 percent minority employment at construction sites in black neighborhoods clashed with union workers at a site that was working with a 30 percent minority quota.) Landsmark had been a key member of another organization that worked on bringing private industry into an abandoned naval shipyard in South Boston, a

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project that resulted in the reemployment of some South Boston workers laid off by the federal government.

The attack on Landsmark was brief and bloody. As he still lay on the ground, the main body of demonstrators moved on to the federal courthouse. En route, the *Herald* reported, they taunted "several blacks with obscenities and by imitating apes. One black man was spat upon, but there were no more assaults."

Reaction to the attack was quick and angry. Mayor Kevin White, who witnessed the attack from his office (and who has funnelled some patronage jobs to ROAR members through Louise Day Hicks), denounced it as "racism, pure and simple." The Chamber of Commerce said the "barbarity of the attack . . . struck a blow against every individual member of the community." Louise Day Hicks said in a radio interview, "What started out as a peaceful demonstration turned into this sort of thing that none of us approves of."

In Roxbury, the center of Boston's ghetto, black teenagers stoned passing cars the following night. And, in a home near Roxbury's Orchard Park housing project, a black woman says she discussed the attack on Landsmark with her son and some of his friends, one of whom was later arrested for the attack on Poleet. "Our reaction," she said, "was that you can't even go downtown without being beat by an American flag."

Boston police report that there were exactly 100 racial incidents in the city in April. Several of the most violent occurred in the days following the attack on Landsmark. Five white youths attacked a black man with a metal pipe as he waited for a subway. They broke his cheekbone and both his wrists. Black youths stoned school buses carrying white students through Roxbury. Two black men, in separate incidents, were beaten by groups of whites in East Boston. Two black bus drivers, and three white drivers who came to their defense, were beaten by white men in South Boston. Six white high school students, and two blacks who tried to help them, were beaten by a group of 40 black high school students in Roxbury.

Some of these events were reported and some were not, but that hardly matters anymore in Boston, where people concerned with race all seem to have sources of information that they prefer to newspapers. James Kelly, of the South Boston Information Center, says he has heard from people he thinks are reliable that Landsmark made a "derogatory statement" and an "obscene gesture" to the antibusing demonstrators before he was attacked. (Landsmark dismissed the allegation as "absurd," and witnesses back him up.) The black woman who discussed the Landsmark beating with her son and his friends says she has heard from bus drivers that the white drivers who defended their black colleagues in South Boston have since been harassed by other whites. And a middle-aged black city employee who works in the Orchard Park project says he has heard from "people who are not troublemakers" that, around 7:30 pm the night of April 19, some whites in a car drove by the project, shouted epithets at black bystanders and fired several shots. Police have no record of the incident.

They do know, however, that shortly after 10 pm Richard Poleet, a 34-year-old auto mechanic, was dragged from his car, stoned, robbed and left for dead by a gang of black youths at the edge of the Orchard Park project. Police have quoted a juvenile arrested in the case as saying that he was standing on the street when "an older man, who had been drinking, approached and said he wanted to make it safe for his wife to walk downtown and in South Boston without being insulted. He said he was going to get a bomb and blow somebody up." Poleet pulled up at a red light soon after, the boy reportedly said. A bottle was thrown at his car and missed. "Then everyone came and one yelled, 'There goes whitey.'"

Later that night, Warren Zaniboni, a leader of the South Boston Marshals, appeared at the office of the *Boston Globe*. Marshals organizations now function in both South Boston and Charlestown, monitoring antibusing demonstrations and patrolling their communities in radio cars. On their patrols, the marshals say, they guard their neighborhoods against marauding blacks and also watch out for innocent blacks who have strayed into their areas. One out-of-town black man who drove into South Boston by accident was recently led by marshals to a police station "for his own protection." At the station, the marshals were warned that they could have been charged with kidnapping.

Antibusing activists, including the marshals, think the *Globe* is biased against them, and they have, on occasion, mounted demonstrations against the paper. (On the same night Poleet was attacked, a *Globe* delivery truck was set ablaze in South Boston.) It was the feeling that the *Globe* is biased that led to Zaniboni's late-night call. A *Globe* account of his visit reports that Zaniboni "offered information (about the attack on Poleet) and said he felt the attack on the white man . . . should be given just as big a play as the April 5 attack on . . . Theodore Landsmark," which had appeared on the front page.

Despite Zaniboni's intervention, the *Globe* ran only a small inside story on Poleet in its morning edition, an action the *Globe* itself attributed to "poor judgment" in an extraordinary front-page apology the following day. In partial atonement, the *Globe* ran a question-and-answer interview with a witness to the attack on the same front page as the apology. It read in part: "They reached in and dragged him out. They grabbed his wallet, all the while beating him on the head with stones and fists."

Four white students, including two juveniles, were charged with assault and battery with a dangerous weapon for the beating of Landsmark. The juveniles have been tried, convicted and placed on probation,

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while the others await trial. Six blacks, including three juveniles, have been charged with assault with intent to murder, assault and battery with a dangerous weapon, and armed robbery for the attack on Poleet.

The people of Boston and Charlestown would object to the close linking of the two crimes. "I see very little comparision between the Landsmark and Poleet cases," said James Kelly of the South Boston Information Center. "What happened to Landsmark was a spur of the moment reaction to what had happened a few moments before (the fracas with the biracial group). What happened to Poleet was premeditated. They had rocks all prepared and everything."

"I'd rather have a broken nose than what happened to Mr. Poleet," said Tom Johnson, Kelly's counterpart at the Charlestown Information Center. "I've had a broken nose. It's no big deal." Johnson, like Kelly, said he had it on good authority that Landsmark had provoked the attack. He said he suspects the whole incident was a "set-up." "I think he (Landsmark) went there with a purpose in mind," Johnson said. (Landsmark was on his way to a meeting with the Boston Redevelopment Authority.) And Kelly took care to point out to me that Landsmark is not, as has been reported in the Boston papers, an attorney. (Landsmark graduated from Yale Law School but is not a member of the bar.)

One of the students facing charges as an adult in the Landsmark case is Edward Irvin, the vice president of the junior class at Charlestown High School. "I have a very good opinion of Irvin," said Tom Johnson. "He's a good kid and well respected. I think he made a boo-boo. Everybody makes mistakes."

Kelly, who says he helped break up the attack on Landsmark, told me that Joseph Rakes, the youth who attacked Landsmark with the American flag, is, like Irvin, a "legitimately good kid." "If it wasn't for the tension in the city of Boston, an incident like that could never have happened. It all stems from forced busing." (At a press conference two days after the attack on Landsmark, Kelly said, "If I was 18 years old, I'd do the same thing.")

Official spokesmen for black organizations have denounced the attack on Poleet, and they have not praised the high moral character of those arrested in the case, most of whom have been arrested before. (Friends of one defendant, however, are claiming that he is innocent and the victim of mistaken identity. Acquaintances of another say they can't believe he would beat Poleet, although they can believe he would steal Poleet's wallet. A third defendant has a bad reputation in the project, where he is alleged to have recently tried to stab a white salesman.)

The accused in the Landsmark case have had private attorneys paid for by South Boston and Charlestown antibusing defense funds. The accused in the Poleet case are being defended by court-appointed attorneys. One of them has James St. Clair, who defended Richard Nixon in Watergate proceedings, as well as Dr. Spock and William Sloane Coffin in one of the draft "conspiracy" trials. The day St. Clair was appointed, the *Globe* reported, "There was an immediate outpouring of telephone calls to news outlets demanding to know what justification Judge McKenney, a black, had to appoint such an eminent attorney, a man with an international reputation, to defend an unemployed black youth." St. Clair now appears in court accompanied by two bodyguards.

In the weeks since the beating of Poleet, there have been more beatings and stonings of blacks and whites in Boston. Poleet himself still lives only with the aid of machines. It is unlikely that he will be allowed to die until the city is considered calm.

On April 23, along with Senators Brooke and Kennedy and Jerome Wiesner and Derek Bok, the MIT and Harvard presidents, Mayor White led tens of thousands of people through downtown in a "Procession Against Violence." Many of the marchers were white office workers who had been given long lunch hours by their employers and urged to attend. The march was denounced both by antibusing activists and by black organizers of a now-cancelled "March Against Racism."

On May 2, the Charlestown Marshals led a "Men's March Against Forced Busing." It began outside the recently shut down Charlestown Naval Yard, the closing of which increased unemployment in the neighborhood. The march ended at the Bunker Hill Monument. About 1000 people lingered at its end to hear speeches by James Kelly, Tom Johnson, "Dapper" O'Neill and four state legislators. "I have seen the social fabric of our communities severely disrupted by a federal court order," said state representative Kearney. "We agree that blacks have been oppressed for 200 years. But our forebears were in Italy, Poland and Ireland. We are not responsible. Why should we pay?"

Among those listening to the speeches was one of the juveniles convicted in the attack on Landsmark. Afterward, he walked away in conversation with one of the state legislators. "For me to be effective in that area," the legislator said later, "I have to more or less stand behind them. I'm trying to give them the right kind of direction."

Two days later, the convicted juveniles issued an open letter through their attorneys in response to a request by the judge who tried them that they make a public apology. The letter said they had learned that violence serves "no meaningful purpose," that it "is not a means to justice," and that it "is not the way to express the frustrations that have built up in all of us." The letter also made the point—two times—that violence "will only lead to criminal prosecution." It called the attack on Landsmark "a spontaneous incident."

It ended, "Please accept this statement in the spirit in which it is given."

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Can Cesar Chavez Cope with Success?

by Joel Solkoff

Cesar Chavez, whose beatific smile, hunger strikes, and friendship with Bobby Kennedy made him a culture hero of the late '60s, is again flexing his political muscles in California—a state in which Mexican-Americans are the largest minority and where the governor sought and got his endorsement in the last election. But the most recent events in Chavez' dispute with the Teamsters have taken on a comic quality. In February, Chavez announced a boycott of raisins, walnuts and the products of "the Fresno eight"—a group of ranchers his press secretary was unable to readily identify. And Chavez announced that the *Norwegian* parliament had voted to support the boycott aimed at forcing the California legislature to appropriate more money for the Agricultural Labor Relations Board (ALRB). And despite everything, it no longer looks as if Chavez is going to lose his battle with the Teamsters.

Before he helped elect Jerry Brown, it seemed as if Chavez might become a union leader without dues-paying members in California. At the height of his power in 1972, Chavez had 60,000 workers under formal contracts. By late 1974, one estimate put membership at fewer than 5000, and his 11 remaining contracts were in danger of being wrested from him.

Brown, who boasted of marching with Chavez in demonstrations, made farm labor peace one of the main goals of his administration. Last summer, after a series of round-the-clock sessions with the Teamsters, Chavez' United Farm Workers of America, and the state's major farm groups, Brown signed the compromise Agricultural Labor Relations Act (ALRA). In February, the ALRB issued a tally of all the elections held under its authority, of which the United Farm Workers (UFW) won 54 percent. The UFW was the clear choice of workers on 193 ranches, and the Board certified the UFW as the sole bargaining agent for more than 80 of them.

The results mean that Chavez has solved his immediate problem. Because the law's penalties are so severe, the Teamsters cannot steal his contracts on those ranches that have been certified, and he has been able to renew his contracts. His farmworker supporters now can prove that the UFW represents them and is capable of commanding jobs. California's fruit and vegetable growers now know that no matter how distasteful it is to them, Chavez and his movement are—once again—a powerful economic force.

Chavez' organization has undergone several name changes since 1962 when he formed the National Farm Workers Association to compete both with the Teamsters union and AFL-CIO President George Meany's attempt to organize farmworkers. (Later, Meany gave up the effort and allowed Chavez' union to become an AFL-CIO affiliate.) Whatever its official name, Chavez and his supporters have always called the organization *La Causa* (The Movement). Chavez' 25-day fast in 1968 is generally thought to have united California's farmworkers behind Chavez leadership and established him as a hero, a man indistinguishable from his cause. Chavez said he fasted because tempers were frayed after the three-year-old grape strike and boycott were having little success. He said that he was afraid of the violence in his movement and announced that he had stopped eating as a way of forcing his followers to change their behavior. Most of California's farmworkers have strong ties to the Roman Catholic Church, and so his decision to end the fast during an open-air mass, at which a makeshift altar was placed on a flatbed truck, added drama to the event. Robert Kennedy, who was in the process of becoming a presidential candidate, flew into Delano for the publicized event. "I remember the TV people were there," Chavez told his biographer Jacques Levy, "and one cameraman couldn't get in while Kennedy was giving me a piece of bread. When he finally did, he told Kennedy, 'This is probably the most ridiculous request I have ever made. Could you give him a piece of bread again?'"

Two years later, Chavez succeeded in doing what had never been done before. In the same year in which the US Government Printing Office published in 16 thick volumes the Senate migratory labor subcommittee's hearings on "farmworker powerlessness," Chavez proved that field workers could force an entire industry—85 percent of the table grape growers in California—to sign a contract with their union leaders. A significant number of the state's strawberry and lettuce workers also got growers to sign contracts. Such victories were possible because in three principal ways California's agriculture is conducive to union organization:

First, its agriculture, which is the largest and richest

Joel Solkoff's book, *You Reap What You Sow*, an examination of the government's regulation of agriculture, will be published later this year by New Republic Books.

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in the country, is year-round. The land in the valleys is so fertile that virtually anything can be grown commercially. In one county alone, there are some 200 crops in production—everything from wheat to oranges. The weather is mild and much of the land yields two, sometimes three, crops a year. So, much of the work is year-round.

Second, employment has been steadily increasing despite the development of labor-saving machines, like harvesters with electronic scanners that tell when tomatoes are red. Not only are hired workers replacing family members who are leaving the farm, but land is being "created." Much of the rich farm land would not be productive without irrigation. In 1972, California had eight million irrigated acres, twice as many as in 1939. By 1986, there will likely be 10 million irrigated acres. More land requires more workers. In 1974, the state's annual average farm employment was 287,200, an increase of 5100 over 1973 and of 7500 over 1972.

Third, much of the agriculture is corporate in nature. In California hired workers dominate the farm labor force, while in the rest of the country family farm members are predominant. More than 15 percent of California's farms have payrolls larger than $20,000 a year. (In Iowa, the second richest state, the figure is a mere .3 percent.) United Brands, a Boston-based conglomerate, owns the largest lettuce farm in the country—InterHarvest—and farms produce on a total of 22,000 acres in California and Arizona. Tenneco, a company with interests in everything from natural gas pipelines to automotive components, farms 1.4 million acres in California and Arizona. Even those that can, strictly speaking, be called family farms extend for thousands of acres. One third of all the wine consumed in the United States is produced by Ernest and Julio Gallo, who own 3500 acres of vineyards. Some farmers are members of large agricultural cooperatives that control the marketing (and price) of much of our fruit and vegetables. Most of our fresh oranges, for example, come from California and Arizona, and 70 percent of those citrus growers are members of Sunkist, which is a marketing cooperative.

Chavez' most famous weapon, the boycott, had been successful because California agriculture is large enough to be a good target. The boycott allowed urban supporters—college students, church groups, labor unions and other liberal sympathizers—to participate in the movement by disrupting the orderly marketing of produce. Victory meant that Chavez had to change his role. He was no longer an outsider, using the familiar arguments against agribusiness and building public outrage against the plight of agricultural workers. By 1972, he had signed contracts with such corporate giants as Tenneco, United Brands, Purex, Heublein, and Coca-Cola, and whatever difficulties the workers experienced became his responsibility. In planning a boycott against United Brands' Chiquita bananas to force InterHarvest to sign a contract with his union, Chavez expressed the realization that if he won, he would be an insider, and being an insider has different rules.

The boycott was successful because Chavez was able to deliver the workers. He has already proven his ability to damage. As a union leader, holding onto victory required that he work with the growers to their mutual advantage. For the growers, a union, especially one that offers its members—as *La Causa* does—an ethnic bond, can benefit the growers too. Because California's agriculture is year-round, because the need for workers is increasing, and because the large corporate farms are dependent upon hired workers, cheap labor with a high turnover rate can in the long run be more expensive than responsible, better-paid workers. A union can offer an efficient and stable work force because union members feel that they are part of an organization concerned with their interests. The union bargains with the employer for higher wages, handles grievances, administers benefits, and protects job security. In return, the members are obliged to go to the union if they have a problem—rather than just quit.

However, Chavez made little effort to work the with the growers. Instead, his actions were geared toward his urban supporters. He saw the opportunity to portray *La Causa* as the alternative to the *Grapes of Wrath/Harvest of Shame* tradition of misery. It is, indeed, still possible to find migrants living under the control of an unscrupulous crew leader who contracts with a grower for the harvesting of a field, rounds up workers, delivers them to the field, and who, when the grower pays for the completed work, then cheats the workers. Chavez announced that his union would replace the crew leader system with union-run hiring halls. However, most of the UFW's dues-paying members live in the community in which they work, and many drive their own cars to the fields. The formal system Chavez established was not only unnecessary, but burdensome. Workers were required to report to the hiring hall every morning rather than go directly to work. Since Chavez made no effort to replace his volunteer staff (whose primary strength had been to fight with growers) with a professional one, the hiring hall created an administrative nightmare. Growers with union contracts had to wait as long as two days for workers who were waiting in the hiring hall wanting to work. Chavez said the workers ran his union and they would sort things out.

Chavez had forced the growers to realize that unionization was not something they could prevent. When they signed contracts with him, they feared that his union would interfere with their business. "Nothing short of radical change is going to have any impact on our lives and our problems," Chavez said recently. His talk of changing "the system" and "radical change" makes growers uneasy; it doesn't put their fears to rest, it reinforces them. It did not take long for

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the growers to decide that if there had to be a union, it might as well be one they could live with. Produce drivers in California have been working under Teamster contracts for years, and the Teamsters had tried to organize field workers, but with little success. Chavez had proven that victory was possible and when the Teamsters saw that he was unable to handle success, they seized their chance.

There is no doubt that when the Teamsters took over Chavez' contracts, they engaged in collusive relationships with growers in order to destroy the UFW and that the original contracts were "sweetheart" deals imposed by a racist union hierarchy that believed Mexican workers are incapable of making their own decisions. (There is even the suggestion that the Nixon administration pressured Teamsters President Frank Fitzsimmons to break his peace agreement with AFL-CIO President George Meany.) However, having stolen Chavez contracts, the Teamsters decided to change tactics.

They removed the goons from the fields. They hired dedicated Chicano organizers, paying them $200 a week. Today, Teamster leaders consult directly with the workers and the Teamsters have a better health insurance plan than the UFW, settle grievances more efficiently, and negotiate better contracts. They feel no need to replace the crew leader system and are attempting to build a strong farmworker union, not because they have any sentimental attachment to farmworkers, but because the Teamsters see the potential for expanding their power. They already control trucks, warehouses, terminal stations, even supermarkets. They want to control the fields. Roy Mendoza, the Teamsters' assistant director for organizing farm labor, says, "The difference between our union and the UFW is that we're a labor union. We care about wages and Chavez wants to change the whole system."

In March, when I interviewed Chavez at his union headquarters, I asked him about the Teamster charges that what he runs is a social movement, not a union concerned with bread-and-butter issues. He laughed and said, "I guess what we have is a bread-and-butter social movement." Then, rather than describe how well the UFW deals with such issues and detail the differences between contracts, Chavez explained the importance of a social movement. "We're going through the same problems that the Italians and the Jews and that other groups from foreign countries went through 100 years, maybe 50 years ago. I don't think that it is only an economic problem. They are the problems that any immigrant group goes through in the beginning, problems with language and with acceptance."

Chavez lives at the UFW headquarters in a small wood-frame house guarded by an attack dog named Red and surrounded by a high chain-link fence. The headquarters is a 300-acre complex in the Tehachapi mountains, which Chavez has christened La Paz (The Peaceful Place). "We are the only union that I know of that owns a mountain," Marc Grossman, Chavez' press secretary, said of the former tuberculosis sanatorium bought for the union by a Hollywood movie producer. Less than 35 miles from the San Joaquin Valley, the richest agricultural valley in the world, the entrance to La Paz warns, "PRIVATE PROPERTY, ENTRY BY PERMISSION ONLY," and a 24-hour security gate and roving patrols protect the fortress-like headquarters from intrusion. La Paz houses data processing machines, industrial art facilities, printing presses capable of producing books, protest button-making machines, training centers, law offices, the union's own insurance company (The Robert F. Kennedy Health and Welfare Fund), a trailer park, a fleet of buses, kennels for breeding and training Chavez' German shepherd guard dogs, bee hives, and the union's own telephone system. It has a resident population of about 150.

Chavez surrounds himself with volunteers who are paid a token $5 a week. Staff members do not know the answers to such basic questions as: How many dues-paying members does the union have? What is currently being boycotted? Why do Teamster contracts provide for unemployment insurance while those of the UFW do not? Instead, they respond with indignation, as if the reporter is betraying his lack of faith in the asking, and digress with descriptions of Chavez' vegetarianism, feats of self-abnegation, and yoga exercises.

Since Chavez is often unable to do everything at once, he neglects significant problems—like those that arose with the hiring halls—in order to issue a stream of memoranda (on letterhead reading "OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT"), take care of petty details, and undercut the authority of the more competent members of his administration. In his book *Chavez and the Farm Workers*, Ron Taylor describes Chavez "helping out the accounting department" by adding up checks that had been incorrectly counted. Taylor notes, "Chavez has been trying to delegate more and more authority, but in this effort he is clearly a man at odds with himself."

In 1973, Jack Quiggly, Chavez' business manager, quit. Quiggly had argued, "If you spend some money on adult staff who have some experience and you have administrators to run the offices and the field offices, you pay them modest salaries, it would pay off in better relations with the growers, better administration of the contracts. . . . It's not a big deal. Remove the hassle. Then the Teamsters can't come in and take over because the United Farm Workers is known for the radical kids that it puts into jobs that pay $5 a week."

Larry Iltliong, the Filipino leader whose workers precipitated the 1965 grape strike, resigned from the UFW because of the needless bureaucratic procedures. "We in the top echelon of the organization," he said, "make too many of the rules and we change the rules so

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very quickly that the workers themselves don't understand what the hell is going on."

What this February's farmworker election results did not prove was Chavez' contention that the Teamsters are a company union, incapable of getting rank-and-file support in secret-ballot elections. The Agricultural Labor Relations Board reported that the Teamsters were the clear choice of workers on 120 ranches. In March, *Mother Jones*, a San Francisco publication, observed, "To many people who had worked for the UFW and supported its boycotts during its battle to be recognized, and later against the Teamsters, the fact that the UFW hasn't won virtually all of the elections has been surprising."

The Teamster election victories mean that both unions will be representing farmworkers in California and that there will be no quick and easy resolution to the jurisdictional dispute that has helped make the state's agricultural workers the best paid in the country. One of the reasons for the Teamster victories is Chavez' inability to run a labor union efficiently on a day-to-day basis. Rather than deal with the Teamster threat by working on his administrative problems, with which he feels uncomfortable, he decided to attack. His wife Helen once remarked, "We're so used to fights that if we weren't in one, we wouldn't know what to do." Agricultural workers represent less than two percent of the state's total employment, and Chavez has garnered considerable sympathy in urban areas, where there is little understanding of farm problems and where the effectiveness of Chavez' union is taken on faith. On October 10, 1975, Louis Harris published a national poll showing that in the dispute between the UFW and the Teamsters, "[T]he public sympathizes with Chavez by a six-to-one margin." (Particularly interesting was support among "professional people and college-educated" who supported him against the Teamsters by almost 10 to one, while they supported him against the growers by only two-to-one.)

In September, less than a month after the Agricultural Labor Relations Act took effect, Chavez sent a long telegram to Governor Brown, complaining about the Board's administration, "[Y]our law has become one more vehicle with which growers and Teamsters can oppress farm workers." Actually, Chavez had little cause for complaint. The language of the act seems tailored to his needs. For example, Chavez was not required to give up his boycott against growers selling Teamster-picked grapes and lettuce, even though the purpose of the law is to prevent growers from dictating to their workers what union to have. Also, the Governor appointed a Board stacked heavily in Chavez' favor.

In October the UFW issued a 63-page "white paper" arguing that "the law is being subverted and sabotaged, and its promise is being turned to ashes." In November, Chavez wrote an article for the *Los Angeles Times*, titled "Why the Farm Labor Act Isn't Working," demanding that the Board's general counsel be fired because, "Kintz has . . . failed to act on all but a handful of the hundreds of charges of unfair labor practices our union has filed. His policy is to deal with law violations only *after* elections are held."

The Board had many problems in setting up and administering elections so that workers could decide which union they want or whether they want one at all. First, while most farmworkers are Spanish-speaking, there are many Filipinos, Arabs and workers from the Punjab section of India. Translators had to be provided and ballots printed in the various languages. Second, California is a huge state. The primary field work takes place as far south as Calexico and as far north as Marysville, an area 550 miles long and 50 to 80 miles wide. (Driving from Calexico to Marysville is like the trip from Washington, DC to Chicago.) Third, there has never been an experience like this in the history of American labor, and the Board has to make critical decisions for which there was no clear precedent. The experience of the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) ought to be of help. However, it was because Congress, in 1935, specifically excluded farmworkers from NLRB protection that the dispute between the Teamsters and the UFW had been left unresolved. Although Chavez once favored inclusion under the National Labor Relations Act, he decided that provisions of the act would be damaging to his union. Instead, the California law was written to be different from the NLRA, and as a result, the Board had to establish its own rules on everything from the right of organizers to have access to workers to where the elections should be held. Decisions were disputed at Board meetings, in the press and in the courts. In March, the California Supreme Court upheld the ALRB decision giving organizers access to the fields—contrary to NLRB rulings—and the growers appealed. The issue will finally be decided by the US Supreme Court.

By February, after holding over 400 elections in less than five months, the Board ran out of money. Most of the elections have not been certified. The results of 50 elections are "in question." There was no way of knowing that there would be so many elections, that so many more are still needed, that there would be so many disputes and court battles, and that the Board would have to hire so many translators, lawyers and other personnel. The governor asked the legislature for an emergency appropriation of $3.8 million to see the Board through June when its regular appropriation comes up. However, a two-thirds vote is needed for an emergency appropriation, and the growers and Teamsters joined forces to block the funds. They said they had been betrayed by Jerry Brown, who promised to appoint a neutral board, and it was because of his personal assurances—made during the late-night

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meetings—that they originally agreed to support the law. They threatened to block funding unless the legislature agreed to amend the Act, which it refused to do. An appropriations vote failed in the state senate and in March the ALRB closed its offices and suspended operations.

In February Chavez called the failure to grant funds "a day of infamy" and said, "Growers are stabbing farm workers and the people of California in the back. It is an act of treachery that threatens the peace and progress achieved in five short months under the Agricultural Labor Relations Act." He threatened to "pin agriculture to the wall" and announced a new boycott. The boycott is intended to force the growers, whom he has identified as the ringleaders of the appropriations fight, to force their legislators to change their minds. Chavez also announced that the UFW would go directly to the voters by introducing an initiative on the November ballot. It is one of the peculiarities of California law that the voters can bypass the legislature and vote directly for new laws. Chavez said that passing a farmworker initiative would make it impossible for growers to again sabotage the law. Chavez also asked the Church to hold farmworker elections in the interim. Board Chairman Roger Mahony, who is a Roman Catholic bishop, asked the Church not to intervene, warning that Church-run elections would not be binding and would only add to the confusion.

Chavez had made an about-face. Marc Grossman explained, "Agricultural Labor Relations Board practices have improved greatly since the United Farm Workers White Paper was issued and Cesar Chavez' article appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*." Actually, the only change in the Board was the resignation, for personal reasons, of a UFW supporter, a change hardly to Chavez' advantage.

At the beginning of March, Governor Brown flew to La Paz to talk to his friend Cesar Chavez. On March 12, Brown announced his candidacy for President. On March 18, the California assembly passed the emergency finance bill for the ALRB. On March 29, *The Washington Post* carried a front-page article analyzing Brown's presidential aspirations, "[T]he Farm Labor Board, which is generally praised as his outstanding achievement, is now dormant and broke." At the beginning of April, Leroy Chatfield, a former member of Chavez' staff, resigned from the Agricultural Labor Relations Board in order to help run Brown's presidential campaign. On April 19, the Governor's office announced another resignation, leaving the Board without a quorum. State Senator David Roberti (D, LA), floor leader of the appropriations fight, returned from the Easter recess pessimistic about the legislature's chances of passing the emergency measure. Reacting to the latest Board resignation and that of the general counsel three days earlier, Roberti said, "Right now, for all intents and purposes, there is not only a non-funded Board, but no Board at all."

After July 1st, the Board's regular appropriations come up, but control in the assembly of a critical subcommittee may mean that under the rules another two thirds vote may be needed. According to *Sacramento Bee* reporter James Dufur, "It's the kind of thing you have to watch day to day. Anything can happen." It seems fairly certain, however, that at some point the Board will be back in operation. Late in April, the UFW announced that it had secured well over the 312,404 valid signatures needed to put the farmworker initiative on the November ballot, and the initiative is expected to win approval.

Even though the Board does not have money or a quorum, the ALRA is still law. As a result, Chavez knows that the contracts he has signed cannot be taken from him. While the budget crisis has held up elections and prevented possible UFW victories, Chavez is in a better position politically because the whole brouhaha seems like a Teamster-grower conspiracy with Chavez cast in the role of underdog. The longer the issue remains unresolved, the more it will strengthen his political power.

Chavez talks like a defeated man. He continues to pay his staff members $5 a week "because we are a poor union," and so his staff continues to be unprofessional, inefficient, and composed of a surprising number of white liberals who are supported by their parents or who live on food stamps. He has invested so much in the image of himself as a poor religious man who is head of a poor religious movement fighting a losing battle with the large corporations and the American political structure that he refuses to give up the image. Asked about his political power, he said, "We are a weak movement." Yet, he talks with relish about the "electrifying effect" on rural areas when Mexicans (most California farmworkers are Mexican citizens working in the US as permanent resident aliens) become naturalized and vote. "Right now, it is more difficult to influence the decisions on the Delano city council than on the Congress of the United States," he said.

Rep. Ron Dellums (D, Cal.) says that he owes his election to Congress to Chavez' active campaigning in his district, which helped carry the critical Chicano vote. "Whenever Cesar's in town," Dellums said, "he knows that my office is his office." Even for more traditional liberal politicians, especially those from union districts, Chavez' leadership is important and his animus is a political liability. Chavez is at home with the heads of America's largest corporations and with the country's most powerful labor leaders. He is involved with presidential politics. Yet Chavez, who is 49, talks about being an old man. He says that his goal in life is to win union recognition for farmworkers. It is a goal he has already achieved. For the second time, he is head of a powerful labor union, but having won union recognition, he does not know quite what to do with it.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

The Threepenny Opera

(Beaumont)

For the first eight or 10 minutes I thought this production was going to be brilliant. The setting, visible when we arrive because there is no curtain, suggests a great empty warehouse. Two arched windows high in the back are touched with gray light at the start. Iron stairways are lowered. Sections of iron railing are deployed on stage as dividers throughout the play. The apron is cut up into warrens and areaways. The song titles are announced (which Brecht wished) by being flashed on a sort of beam, lowered when needed, flanked by two iron factory wheels that pull back a small curtain. This grim, soulless environment was designed by Douglas W. Schmidt, but its insistence on sheer depth—as well as the two strings stretched across the front of the stage just above the actors' heads—shows the hand of the director, Richard Foreman, founder of the Ontological-Hysteric Theater. (So does the use of a p.a. system for the announcement of the scene titles.) Foreman was nominated for this job by Brecht's son Stefan because of the O-H Theater's work and because of the Off-Off-Broadway musicals that Foreman has done with Stanley Silverman, who is the music director for this production.

And brilliantly it begins. As the music starts, out of the cavernous dark at the back emerges a threatening line of Victorian beggars and whores stretched right across the wide Beaumont stage, moving forward, forward. They are met by more human flotsam seemingly floating up from the pits in the front. A fat ballad singer is pushed up from below who then gives us the opening song, "Mack the Knife." (Lotte Lenya, Kurt Weill's widow, who was in the original production, writes that this now-famous song was *added* to the score by Brecht and her husband during rehearsals to please the actor who first played Macheath and who wanted the opening number to be about his character.) The setting and the choric beginnings combine to suggest Mayhew's agonized 19th-century London, wriggling into ominous view. Some of the chorus are even treated in the abstracted, physically stuttering style made familiar by a Brecht devotee, Peter Brook, in his *Marat/Sade* production.

Now this tonality—this grimness and cold ghastliness—accords with what can be called Brecht's second view of *The Threepenny Opera*. The first production in 1928 was apparently done in a bitterly high-spirited way, a gallows-humor, let's-at-least-have-some-fun-out-of-this-lousy-world way; and since Lotte Lenya, of that production, was also in the 1954 revival in New York and advised on it, presumably that revival aimed for the tone of the original. Brecht had transposed John Gay's 18th-century *Beggar's Opera* to 19th-century London in order to make a comment on 20th-century Germany, which turned out to be a comment on the 20th-century world. With Weill's marvelous score, full of eccentric rhythms and soaring lyric lines and fine classic parody, the show faced (in its view) the ethical hopelessness of capitalist society—and kicked its heels and snapped its skinny fingers.

But Brecht later changed his mind, as Eric Bentley reminds us that he often did about his works. Later Brecht wanted the piece played more darkly, less satirically, more as a dour cautionary tale. This is the way (I'm told) that the Berliner Ensemble now plays it. This is the way it was done in an Italian production that Brecht saw in February 1956, not long before he died, and highly approved—directed by Giorgio Strehler at his Piccolo Teatro in Milan. Strehler soon afterward brought this *Threepenny* to Rome where I saw it. I remember that this intricately detailed production had very much more the feeling of *The Lower Depths* than of the wry, glinting production that Carmen Capalbo had directed in New York.

There seems to me nothing arbitrarily better or worse about Approach No. 2: it simply needs to be realized. This is what Foreman has not done. All the *ideas* of his production are good, even the clearly derivative ones like the wall with many doors out of Meyerhold's *Government Inspector* production. But his casting and his directing of actors are generally poor. The spherical C.K. Alexander has several kinds of weight as Peachum, the head of the London beggars' consortium. All the other principals are either flavorless or miscast or incompetent.

The Macheath is Raul Julia, who can't sing. By Brecht's own standards that may not be a handicap, but Julia also can't act very well, is dim in personality, and has little power. Even if Macheath is not conceived as a dashing daredevil brigand, he must be credible as a sexual magnet and magnate; Julia isn't. To hamper him further Foreman has imposed on him a sole-first, soft-footed walk which had previously been imposed on the protagonist of Foreman's musical *Hotel for Criminals*. Perhaps that walk, like those silly strings across the stage, exemplifies some theory in Foreman's manifesto-burdened mind, but in proof it's pointless and harmful.

Elizabeth Wilson is a good actress, but as Mrs. Peachum she is only a healthy Midwestern lady pretending to European depravity. David Sabin, as the crooked police chief Tiger Brown, is without oil or guile, simply a younger Santa Claus. Ellen Greene, as Jenny the prostitute who undoes Macheath, looks and sounds like a starved Bronx runaway dragged from a SoHo drug pad. The "second" heroine, Lucy Brown, daughter of Tiger, is played by a competent redhead, Blair Brown, whose extraordinary good looks throw the casting out of whack. Partly this is because the "first" heroine, Polly Peachum, is played by Caroline Kava, a zero.

(If you want some idea of the original flavor of *The Threepenny Opera*, you can get it from Pabst's dubious film, made in

Films Worth Seeing

All the President's Men. We bring a lot of the excitement *with* us, but the film does about as well as it could with this hard-to-film subject.

Face to Face. Ingmar Bergman, Liv Ullmann and friends explore the "normality" of the normal. Not best Bergman but often fine.

The Man Who Would Be King. John Huston's rousing movie-movie out of Kipling's India.

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson is tremendous in a questionable mental-hospital allegory.

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1931. Possibly you can get even more of it from Sternberg's *The Blue Angel*, made a year earlier. Kurt Gerron, who plays the head of Marlene Dietrich's troupe, was the first Tiger Brown and also doubled as the ballad singer. Rosa Valletti, who plays his wife in the Sternberg film, was the first Mrs. Peachum. Evidently Sternberg was trading on their *Threepenny Opera* flavors and reputations when he chose them.)

The music is very well played under Stanley Silverman's direction. (The musicians are snuggled into a remote corner upstage left.) In an interesting interview (*Performing Arts Journal*, Spring 1976) Silverman said that he was trying to get Weill's own orchestration which had not previously been used in the US. I'm not competent to say whether this is what's actually used here, but it all sounds good, not the least for Silverman's own playing of the banjo and several added guitars. He's a gifted theater musician.

Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes are up to her usual high level, particularly the beggars' rags, which really look about a century old. Pat Collins' lighting underscores Foreman's humorless approach. The translation is new, by Ralph Manheim and John Willett, and will appear next spring in the series of new Brecht translations edited by Manheim and Willett that Pantheon is publishing. This translation is a lot less singable than Marc Blitzstein's for the 1954 revival, still, as the producer Joseph Papp points out in a program note, it does contain the word "shit" and some references to race prejudice that were missing in Blitzstein. On the other hand, the Manheim-Willett words are hard to follow when the music goes faster than *andante*, so much of the new fidelity is wasted—in the theater, at any rate.

The paradox of *The Threepenny Opera* is that, although Brecht's view of human behavior is unremittingly harsh, the work is exciting, when well played, because of the cut of Brecht's lash and the excellence of Weill's score. When well played. It isn't Approach No. 2 that stymies this production, it's Foreman's bungling of it. In his own theater pieces he has shown fertility and inconclusiveness. I had hoped that one of this century's best theater works would supply the form to make the most of his gifts. Again he shows certain kinds of fertility, but—through mishandling of his actors—the result is inconclusive again, and failed.

B.H. Haggin on Music

Record Chronicle

A report of the great music recently issued on records can begin with the work of Monteverdi variously titled *Vespers of 1610, Vespro della Beata Vergine* (1610) and now, on Deutsche Grammophon Archive 2723.043, *Vesperae Mariae Verginis*. My first hearing of this extraordinarily beautiful and moving work, so different from the madrigals that were all I had known of Monteverdi's music, was provided 20 years ago by Oiseau-Lyre 50021/2, which may still be obtainable in England and is worth acquiring for the beautiful singing of Margaret Ritchie, Elsie Morison and Richard Lewis with the mixed chorus and modern orchestra. But the performance to acquire first is one that is closer to what the work sounded like originally; and the new Deutsche Grammophon recording offers an especially fine one in which Hanns-Martin Scheidt conducts the Regensburg Cathedral Choir of approximately 50 men and boys, a solo group of English tenors and basses with boy altos and sopranos from the choir, and an instrumental group playing what Monteverdi wrote on the instruments he wrote it for. What makes the performance special is the remarkably beautiful boys' voices that are heard in solo passages occasionally in the *Vesperae* and more extensively in the second of the two alternative *Magnificats*.

The fine solos and magnificent choruses of Handel's *Solomon* are sung admirably, on Vanguard 71204/6, by the soprano Sheila Armstrong, bass Justinio Diaz and Amor Artis Chorale with the English Chamber Orchestra under Johannes Somary's direction. And reissued on London SR-33200 are the

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beautiful performances that the soprano Lisa della Casa recorded in the '50s (in German) of Cleopatra's arias in Handel's *Giulio Cesare*. With them the record offers her equally fine performances (in Italian) of arias from Mozart's *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi Fan Tutte*.

Another valuable reissue, on RCA AGL1-1283, is that of excerpts from infrequently heard early operas of Verdi—*Un Giorno di Regno*, *I Due Foscari*, *Alzira*, *Aroldo*, *Attila*, *Il Corsaro*, *I Lombardi*—in which one hears the Verdi powers operating impressively within the operatic conventions of the period, and Montserrat Caballé deploying her voice in admirably shaped and dramatically expressive phrases.

Even less frequently heard than early Verdi is late Gluck—specifically the opera *Iphigénie en Aulide* that Gluck wrote a dozen years after *Orfeo ed Euridice*. And what RCA ARL2-1104 offers is not the work as Gluck wrote it but the revised version of it that Wagner thought Gluck should have written—one, however (if one can believe Wagner), whose revisions do not extend to Gluck's vocal writing, which is some of his best, and which is sung superbly (in German) by Fischer-Diesku and well enough by the others, with the Bavarian Radio Chorus and Munich Radio Orchestra under Kurt Eichhorn's direction.

England's last great composer, Purcell, had an extraordinary gift for the setting of words to expressive music; and *O Let Me Ever Weep!* and *Next Winter Comes Slowly* are only two outstanding examples of that gift in *The Fairy Queen*. The work is enlivened by Benjamin Britten's conducting, on London 1290; but the voices of Jennifer Vyvyan and Peter Pears are much less agreeable to the ear in this performance than in the early one conducted by Anthony Lewis on Oiseau-Lyre S-121/3E; and the performance conducted by Alfred Deller on Vanguard S-311/2 also has good singing by Honor Sheppard and Maurice Bevan, among others.

Apparently there is no such thing as a Bolshoi Theater performance without the tremulous and strident singing of the company's soprano and mezzo-soprano soloists; and if one wants to hear the Bolshoi performance of Tchaikovsky's finest opera, *Pique Dame*, on Melodiya/Columbia M3-33828 one must endure Tamara Milashkina's Lisa; but I can report good singing by the other principals. And of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* London OSA-13112 offers an excellent performance recorded in England by Solti with Teresa Kubiak, Julia Hamari, Bernd Weikl, Stewart Burrows, Nicolai Ghiaurov, the John Alldis Choir and the orchestra of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

Christa Ludwig's beautiful voice is the medium for her communication of impressive musical insights in a number of Schubert songs—*An den Mond*, *Dass sie hier gewesen*, *Wehmut*, *So lasst mich scheinen*, *Der Zwerg*, *Freudvoll und leidvoll*, *Das Mädchen*, *Wärst du bei mir im Lebenstal*, among others less interesting—on Deutsche Grammophon 2530.528. And after the deterioration Fischer-Dieskau's voice exhibited this season it is an agreeable surprise to hear its beautiful sound in the songs of Schumann's *Liederkreis* Op. 24 and *Myrthen* Op. 25 on Deutsche Grammophon 2530.543.

Ashkenazy's performances, on London CS-6844, of Chopin's 24 Etudes—each an elaboration of a piano figuration for the exercise of the fingers into a beautiful piece of music—provide yet another demonstration of his mastery of the piano in the service of mastery in dealing with music.

Nathan Milstein gives a similar demonstration in his performances of Bach's Sonatas and Partitas for unaccompanied violin on Deutsche Grammophon 2709.047; but even more impressive mastery is heard in the performances of these works by the late Joseph Szigeti on Bach Guild 627 (mono)—above all in the powerful sculpturing of each phrase of the great Chaconne of the Sonata No. 4 (Partita No. 2) with continuous tension from note to note, and the further continuity of tension and shape from one phrase to the next in the tremendous structure.

Another distinguished violinist and musician, Arthur Grumiaux, who a year ago led four other string-players in an outstanding performance of Mozart's Quintet K. 515, continues, on Philips 6500.620, with performances of the great Quintet K. 516 in G Minor and the Quintet K. 406 that Mozart transcribed from the Serenade K. 388 for winds. And 6500.824 has a fine performance of the poignantly lovely Clarinet Quintet K. 581 with the clarinettist Pieterson.

The excellent Cleveland Quartet, in association with Barry Tuckwell, horn, Jack Brymer, clarinet, and Martin Gatt, bassoon, achieve marvelously integrated ensemble playing in Schubert's Octet Op. 166, on RCA ARL1-1047. The work should be heard more frequently than it is; for although not one of the group of Schubert's towering masterpieces, it has the pages of wonderful writing that are to be found in every large-scale work of Schubert—notably the dramatic slow introductions of the first and last movements, and the extensive melodic episode that constitutes the second subject of the first movement. In this respect, and also in its use of the strings and winds in combination, it surpasses the Beethoven Septet that may have been its model.

The Quartetto Italiano offers some of the best playing one can hear today in its performances of Beethoven's three Quartets Op. 59 (*Rasumovsky*), on Philips 6747.139; and only the too-slow tempo of the first movement of No. 1 and the excessive retardations near the end of this work's finale make me prefer the Budapest Quartet on Odyssey Y3-33320 (mono).

The superb Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra produces, under Haitink's direction on Philips 6500.375, beautiful performances of Brahms' Symphony No. 2 and his Variations on a Theme of Haydn, for me his most attractive orchestral work. Both Haitink with the London Philharmonic on Philips 6500.483 and Boulez with the New York Philharmonic on Columbia M-33508 enable one to hear the orchestral splendor of the entire original

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1910 score of Stravinsky's *Firebird*; but Stravinsky's own more sharply enlivened performance of it on Columbia MS-6328 is more effective. And Stravinsky's more effective pacing of the fourth tableau of *Petrushka* makes his performance of the original 1911 score on Columbia MS-6332 preferable to Haitink's with the London Philharmonic on Philips 6500.458.

A conductor I never heard of, Horst Stein, has astonished me with his powers as conductor and musician revealed in superb performances of the Prelude and Finale of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, Preludes to *Die Meistersinger* and *Lohengrin* and Overture to *Der fliegende Hollander* with the Vienna Philharmonic, on London CS-6860.

And some of Dvorak's most engaging pieces, his Slavonic Dances Op. 46, are performed delightfully on Deutsche Grammophon 2430.466 by Kubelik with the Bavarian Radio Symphony.

Reed Whittemore on televison

Trapper

A recent woodsy movie called *Challenge to be Free* (shown in two installments on ABC) contained a good deal of misinformationabout how to handle bears, but that is not why I am writing about it here. It contained more serious misinformation about how to handle life. It was for our children, it was in the family slot on Sunday nights, it was a cream-puff of a fantasy nature thing, and it was apparently designed to make our children social incompetents. O noble pile!

The hero of its was a suspendered, knitted-capped, needing-a-shave type by name of Trapper who spent his time in the woods cavorting with beavers, bears, deer, moose and the like, as if he were one of them. He would play little tricks on them, such as knocking out a portion of a beaver dam so that the busy beavers would have to labor like beavers to put it back together again, but he loved them dearly and they loved him so that when the big bear came to see him he allowed the big bear to wrestle with him and tickle him (the National Park Service should have this film rated X). But when he was not playing nature boy he was panning gold in a beauteous stream and taking the loot to town to trade for supplies; and when he went into town he was not a nature boy so much as a John Wayne who busied himself stringing villains up by the heels. In other words he was presented as a genetic freak, a mix of the fancies of Jack London and Thornton Burgess, and I wondered as I watched with my little daughter—who had learned from her schoolmates that the show was a worthy one—where this kind of education about human nature in the presence of God's nature was likely to take her. Then I realized that the show was really about freedom, just as it said in the title, hence A-OK.

Yes, the show even had a theme song, belted out by a blues singer as the chipmunks covorted, that *told* us it was about freedom. If I hadn't been watching carefully I'd have sworn that the song was about something else—I was reminded of "Love for Sale"—but no, Trapper got into bad trouble with the law for stringing up villains, with the result that he needed his freedom even more than bear tickles. And the song kept singing. To Jack London and Thornton Burgess had been added a loud mix of Adam Smith and Bessie Smith.

The truth came home to me finally that this was an all-purpose show. It had everything and it was meant to have everything. It was made so that everyone could find something in it, something escapist or cute or real or unreal or violent or patriotic, but something. It was the end of the pop-culture mythology line.

Watching it I remembered a learned lecture delivered to me in college about Beaumont and Fletcher, to the effect that they were the end of the line for Shakespearean drama because they scuttled Aristotle entirely and aimed at plays with the maximum number of exciting moments. *The Challenge to be Free* was aimed, it seemed to me, similarly, but aimed at more than exciting moments, aimed at absolutely anything that would keep its audience present and awake. It was shotgun drama, with the resultant precision of Mr. Magoo. The character Trapper was unbelievable, the animals were unbelievable, the story was unbelievable, and certainly the theme song was unbelievable—yet half the country sat in its parlors believing.

And why not? When Walt Disney, having made *his* pile on animal cartoons, switched the focus of his industrious art to animal photography he set the stage for what has happened: the producing of sentimental fantasies disguised as documentaries. He hired nature experts by the dozen and shipped them out to Alaska, Africa, the Amazon with the command: Bring back footage. And at great labor they did bring back footage and, lo, it was good footage, reels and reels of it, reels and reels of enormously fine reality. And Walt Disney took this footage to his studios where, lo, he had it chopped up, reversed, speeded up, slowed down and reinforced with Rossini—and it was not good footage any longer because it was false footage,

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misrepresenting the original footage. So it became popular, and the result of its popularity was that we as a nation learned that the mating habits of the googoo bird resembled a stage show at Radio City Music Hall.

Not only have we been unable, in the age of TV, to unlearn what Disney taught us, but his successors have taken the process he made popular many steps further, have made camera work of great pictorial fidelity the servant of an art with no human or animal fidelity, that is, no faithfulness to what people and googoo birds (or bears) do really do with themselves or each other. Our children have been bred up with the stuff. They know not that the stuff is stuff for which one suspends disbelief, since they have no disbelief to suspend. They believe. They believe that the tickling bears are lazily waiting for them out under the trees somewhere off Route 50, waiting to help them be free whenever parents, teacher, the bureaucracy or other crumby presences in the *other* reality grow burdensome.

But as I watched *Challenge to be Free* I was not believing, was not like the children. I was Timon of Athens sitting in my isolation and hating the thing—yet doubting my right to hate. Here was the new religion in a single bundle, all the major distortions slicked up and stuck in our 24-inch cathedral, and I knew that when I hated it I was being heretical, one of the villains. And I was muttering to myself, "Unreal," when a little self-examination, I realized, might reveal *me* as unreal. After all, the weeks when *Challenge to be Free* was shown were the weeks that Ronald Reagan began to lead us gloriously into battle about the Panama Canal. I remembered joking with a colleague at lunch about where Reagan got *that* script, and then thinking afterwards that I was wrong about Reagan's remarks, too. They were out of no script. They were real. And Trapper was probably real, too. It was I who was the confused one.

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Books Considered

Madam Secretary: Frances Perkins by George Martin

(Houghton Mifflin; $16.95)

Mr. Justice Brandeis went to the Mayflower Hotel in the winter of 1932-33 to ask the recently-elected Franklin D. Roosevelt to name as his Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins, whom the Justice later called "the best person in the cabinet of FDR." Vice President John Nance Garner told the Cabinet in 1933 that the one of them most likely to have a monument in Washington was Frances Perkins.

Four decades later, few Americans would be likely to understand those appraisals or to realize that without Frances Perkins' consistent championship the country would not have had as early as 1935 the Social Security Act. But the biography written by George Martin, supported by prodigious research, bids fair to reverse the current estimate and return historians to the earlier judgment of Frances Perkins. Because of its sweep and thoroughness, the volume will be indispensable to anyone who hereafter writes in depth about the New Deal.

In this post-Watergate season we can see that by steadfastness, by knowledge of the personalities and problems of the area entrusted to her for administration, and by the respect she won from the President, Perkins was not only a pillar of strength but an effective check upon any risk of presidential excess. In recent years, only Henry L. Stimson, George C. Marshall and Dean Acheson can be compared with her in giving cabinet status the significance it ought to have if we are to maintain democratic government and avoid a dictatorship by the President or a hidden rule by the bureaucracy.

The secrets of Perkins' power lay in no small part in her deep religious belief and practice, and in the degree to which she cherished her own and other persons' privacy. To these she added a steady faithfulness to American ideals. She alone of the Cabinet spoke up against the President's proposal to confront the Supreme Court with some legislation clipping the Court's powers. She restrained the President from declaring, in 1939, at the outbreak of World War II, an emergency which would have suspended many civil liberties. In the Great Depression she drove successfully toward the goal of recognizing each person's social right to have his potential for useful service realized through a meaningful work opportunity. Her programs for unemployment compensation and old age pensions were accepted by a none-too-enthusiastic President and Congress. Without publicity, she at the very outset of her administration terminated the service of immigration officials who had harassed aliens by unconstitutional arrests and by extortion of bribes.

Frances Perkins, born in Boston in 1880, was the child of Fred Perkins who ran a stationery enterprise in Boston and later in Worcester. She was descended from the earliest Yankee stock, although she never made a point of this, even in answer to the frequent charges that she was an immigrant Jew. After education in the public schools of Worcester, she went to Mt. Holyoke College. There neither her academic nor her extracurricular activity was remarkable until her senior year when she was elected president of her class. Stimulated by Florence Kelly of the National Consumers' League, she determined to enter upon a career of social service. The Martin biography reviews with care her early years teaching in secondary schools, engaging in settlement work, and earning at Columbia University her master's degree under the economist Samuel Patten.

In New York she became associated with Florence Kelly, Pauline Goldmark and others in the New York City Consumers' League when it was such an effective lobbying organization.

At 33 she married 37-year-old Paul C. Wilson, who later was to serve with distinction in the administration of New York City's Mayor John Puroy Mitchel. A few letters survive which show that this marriage began in a spirit of deep romantic attachment. Unfortunately, Wilson proved to be mentally unstable. He spent the greater part of his life after 40 either in institutions or under the care of a nurse. Their first child died shortly after birth. A second child, Susanna, is now a mature woman.

To Perkins' great surprise, her work as a lobbyist and, more importantly, her testimony before Alfred E. Smith and Robert F. Wagner and other members of the New York State Factory Investigating Committee which was es-

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tablished after the disastrous fire in the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory where 146 lives were lost, led to her being offered by Gov. Smith an appointment to the Industrial Commission of New York. Modestly, Perkins tried to dissuade the governor from appointing her. But in the end, perhaps partly because she needed the $8000 compensation, she accepted appointment to that agency adjudicating cases under the Workmen's Compensation Act and other labor laws.

When Nathan L. Miller defeated Al Smith for governor, Perkins resigned. But Smith was reelected, and he appointed her first to her old position, and then as chairman of the commission, by then called the Industrial Board. The relations between the commissioner and the governor made Al Smith, for almost all his life, Perkins' greatest hero. She recognized his integrity. She profited from his political skill. Through him she saw more clearly the pluralistic elements in our democracy. And she enjoyed his straightforward speech conveying at once common sense and the common touch.

Initially, Perkins looked with some skepticism at the young Franklin D. Roosevelt. She observed his vanity. She sometimes doubted his sincerity and the depth of his commitment. She knew that intellectually he was neither original nor unusually profound in understanding the information brought to him by others. She found him somewhat devious. Yet, Perkins had been taught by Al Smith that it was important to be a party person, and when Gov. Roosevelt offered her the post of industrial commissioner, then the title of the head of the Department of Labor of New York, she accepted.

The nation first knew Perkins when she challenged the accuracy of the unemployment figures being released in Washington by President Hoover's subordinates. The country correctly came to the conclusion that Perkins was telling the truth, and that Secretary of Commerce Lamont was guilty of distortion, and that Secretary of Labor Doak was unwarranted in having discharged from the position of commissioner of labor statistics as unreliable the wholly honest Ethelbert Stewart.

After FDR's victory in the 1932 election, women of consequence in the Democratic party and in social work pressed him to choose Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor. She had no enthusiasm for the idea. When Roosevelt made the offer to her she tried to discourage him. Then, in a way which was unprecedented, but which ought to be followed, she outlined to him what she thought should be the programs of the Secretary of Labor, and would not take office until he acceded to her moving along those lines.

Arriving in Washington on the fourth of March, Perkins had not the slightest idea of where she ought to go in order to play her appropriate role in the inauguration ceremonies. It never occurred to her that she was entitled to enter special portals or to use government cars to get to receptions. But no one could fool her as to what her status was in the Department of Labor itself. Secretary Doak did not have the politeness to communicate with her, and when she arrived at the offices at 1712 G Street, he had done nothing in the way of clearing out his office, nor his desk, in which she found cockroaches. With courtesy characteristic of her at all times, she suggested to Secretary Doak that he take the government car to go to lunch, and she would see to it that his belongings were packed up and sent wherever he wished. Then she and her indefatigable, if undiplomatic, assistant, Frances Jurkowitz, called "Miss Jay," acted as housemaids to scour the filthy premises.

Later, unexpectedly, after suppertime, she came to the Department of Labor, and found a squad of immigration inspectors headed by the corrupt Henry Garsson cleaning out the files. She asked what they were doing. They alleged that they were removing their private belongings. She told them to leave

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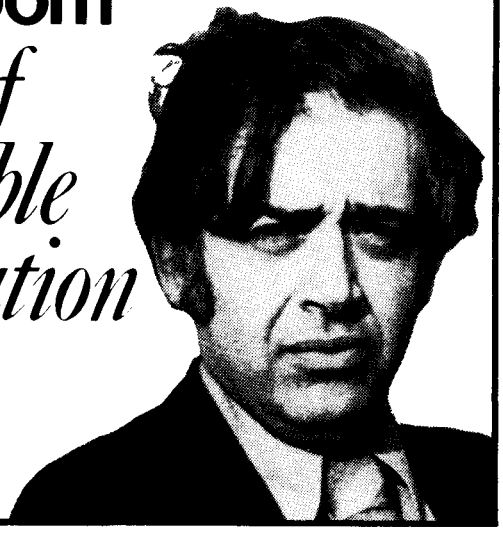

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everything, depart from the building and await the receipt from her of any private documents which happened to be mingled with the official files. For a moment Garsson and his goons contemplated a violent response, but the lady in the tricorn hat won her first battle without a shot. No newspaper was ever given the full story.

What the press was interested in was Perkins' private life. Why did she call herself Frances Perkins and not Frances Wilson? Where were her husband and her child? How did she plan to live in Washington? To all such inquiries, Perkins turned a deaf ear. No one except her secretary, Miss Jay, and Henry Bruère, who had known her from young womanhood and was then president of the Bowery Savings Bank in New York, was ever privy to her personal life.

Once Eleanor Roosevelt told Frances Perkins about the Roosevelt marriage. Perkins was merely surprised at the candor, but did not reciprocate that confidence. Indeed, the public was quite mistaken in supposing that Mrs. Roosevelt was unusually intimate with Perkins, or that Mrs. Roosevelt was sufficiently appreciative of the Secretary's talent to recognize that her book on *The Roosevelt I Knew* was a better appraisal of FDR than were Mrs. Roosevelt's own books.

Martin is not the first historian to perceive how accurately Perkins estimated FDR, and how skillfully she dealt with his weaknesses in order to strengthen his liberal and idealistic sides. But Martin explains the bond which tied them as their profound commitment to the Episcopalian faith. The biographer also stresses that her willingness to assume hard tasks was another element. When Roosevelt lacked the courage to tell Hugh S. Johnson that he was not to head the Public Works Administration as well as the National Recovery Administration, or later to tell him that he must resign as head of the National Recovery Administration, Perkins led him to act decisively. She was not intimidated by the general, nor loathe to take the consequences of being later attacked by him in his memoirs. When the press demanded at the outbreak of World War II that she should resign, she urged the President to let her go. He insisted that she should not force him to make a replacement. So, without a sign to the public, she remained to perform what she regarded as a duty.

In an even more dramatic way, Perkins showed her courage. On January 20, 1945, after the cabinet had congratulated the President on the beginning of his fourth term and just before he was to subscribe to the oath of office, he told Frances Perkins, "I can't do it." She forthrightly replied, "Mr. President, you must."

In her own bailiwick, Perkins had the difficult task of determining what to do about charges that the Australian-born Harry Bridges, leader of the International Longshoremen's Association, was a Communist and hence deportable. No matter how advantageous it would have been to her to move against that union leader, she would not, for one moment, depart from her understanding of his constitutional and other legal rights. Although she risked impeachment, she adhered to due process. In the end, it was her view, and not that of either Attorney General Robert H. Jackson or Attorney General Francis Biddle, which prevailed in the Supreme Court when that tribunal decided that Bridges was not deportable.

Perkins was a better politician than she was sometimes given credit for being. Felix Frankfurter, who heard her deliver a speech, said it was a model for the Democratic party. She had cordial relations with the dispenser of patronage, Postmaster General Farley, although when it came to making appointments in the Department of Labor, she made her choices quite apart from partisan considerations. For Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization, she chose the president of the Fiduciary Trust Company, Col. Daniel MacCormack. As Commissioner in charge of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, she selected Isador Lubin, an economist at the Brookings Institution. Arthur J. Altmeyer, a Wisconsin state administrative official, was her choice first for second assistant secretary of Labor, and later for the Social Security Board. It was she who drew to the attention of FDR the availability of John G. Winant, the Republican governor of New Hampshire. And in a dozen influential places in the Department of Labor and the National Labor Relations Board, the persons she selected on the basis of merit carried through with high credit some of the most difficult domestic tasks of the New Deal.

Perkins was regarded by her associates as a more than agreeable companion. Even when she was an old lady, in her ninth decade, young persons at Cornell University, where she taught, invited her (the first woman so chosen) to live as their guest in the house where distinguished advanced students resided.

But no matter how pleasant Perkins was, there were areas in her life which have remained hidden, even from Martin, whose research, personal interviews and full footnotes make *Madam Secretary* a model biography. Without a lawyer, the Secretary prepared her own tax returns. She almost always lived within her income. She paid her share of the household bills when she lived with Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey. Though she never had any receipts except from her salary, her royalties and academic lectures, and the income from her savings, she managed to accumulate $200,000 to leave as a legacy to her grandson for his education.

Perkins' talk about public affairs was interesting both in substance and in anecdote. Yet there was nothing which reminded one of the celebrated hostesses of French salons of the 18th century. When she wrote, her style had the force of conviction. However, the book by which she is best remembered, *The Roosevelt I Knew*, was actually written by the music critic of *The New York Times*, Howard Taubman, who put in publishable shape the recollections she had dictated to a recording machine. Her attempt to duplicate that successful publication by a later biography of Alfred E. Smith proved abortive, although it has given George Martin some of his most fascinating insights.

She had many loyal friends, and was a loyal friend. Nonetheless, the love she had for God and the love she had for man, in the generic sense, she did not often personally convey or evoke. But, as Woodrow Wilson said, "A man may be so great a king that he is a poor father."

In our contemporary atmosphere of political apathy and of cynicism with respect to officeholders, there could be no more persuasive proof than George Martin's perceptive life of Frances Perkins that nobility can be the dominant characteristic of a public servant of the United States in the 20th century.

Charles Wyzanski

Charles Wyzanski is senior district judge of the US District Court in Boston.

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Adlai Stevenson Of Illinois by John Bartlow Martin

(Doubleday; $15)

The Papers of Adlai E. Stevenson: Toward a New America, 1955-1957 ed. by Walter Johnson

(Little Brown; $20)

It's 24 years now since that campaign of 1952 established Adlai E. Stevenson as a political hero to many of us. Now, particularly in this political season, one wonders: was he as good as we thought? Or does he just seem that good, a beneficiary of time's passage?

According to the evidence in these two hefty books, Adlai Stevenson was that good, although, curiously, not for quite the reasons we thought at the time. We saw him as a bright new force in Democratic politics: fresh, articulate and liberal. He was a bright new force, for with him began the reform movement that has had lasting impact on the Democratic party. He was fresh, in a time of shopworn politicians and he was uncommonly articulate, speaking a new political language that addressed itself with vision, and humor, to the complexities of the postwar world, as concerned with values as with votes. But, as Martin makes plain in his richly-detailed biography, Stevenson was not as liberal as we thought; he had a strong and persistent conservative streak. Indeed, his speech writers, Martin among them, were forever trying to edge Stevenson to the left. But if Stevenson was not as ideologically pure as we thought—in the midst of a campaign candidates are perceived to be whatever their supporters want them to be—by now it should be evident that ideological purity does not matter. What does matter is the candidate's character, intelligence and human decency. If he is also open-minded and believes in democracy, if he is well-trained, then he is a superior candidate regardless of narrow ideology.

It is Martin's genuine achievement to show us how Adlai Stevenson became such a candidate, how a young man snobbish and prejudiced and interested in meeting the right people developed into the most qualified presidential candidate since FDR or perhaps even Woodrow Wilson. The route was not an easy one even though Stevenson was steeped in Democratic politics. His namesake grandfather was Cleveland's Vice President and his father, although ineffectual as parent and man, had entry to the highest circles. His mother was an imposing woman but she nearly suffocated him with obsessive love, even, to young Adlai's mortification, moving to Princeton so she could be near him in college.

In boarding school and college he was an indifferent student and he flunked out of Harvard Law, taking his degree at Northwestern. His friends were the sons and daughters of the rich and he seemed destined to join the Lake Forest set with a suitably rich wife and a suitably lucrative law practice. His adult life started out on that predictable course but there was something in the young Stevenson that set him apart. Shortly before he turned 27, he wrote this about the law career that seemed his lot:

> *I must confess, heretical and un-American as it may seem, that I view the prospect without the least eagerness . . . I know perfectly well that if I am to make a "success," sooner or later I must "sell out"—I mean chuck most of my ideas and my acute sympathy for the less fortunate. A stony and obedient loyalty to class and vested interests seems to be the necessary adjunct for a lifetime of hard and imaginationless work.*

That was the real Adlai Stevenson, although he did, for the rest of his life, enjoy the company of the rich and famous. It was this Stevenson, as Martin shows in interesting detail, who worked in Washington during the New Deal, who did valuable service as Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox's personal assistant during the war, and who was a key figure in the founding of the United Nations. It was this Stevenson who, running for governor in a Republican state, ran up the greatest majority in the history of Illinois. It was this Stevenson who was drafted in 1952 because plainly he was the best the party had to offer. And it was this Stevenson who raised political dialogue to a level it may never have reached before and certainly has not since.

All this is in Martin's authorized biography and much about Stevenson the man, including circumspect accounts of his circumspect affairs—whether of the soul or of the body is not quite clear—with some very attractive women. Almost certainly nothing so comprehensive will ever again be written about Adlai Stevenson, for although the title implies that this is the entire biography, this tome, all 828 pages of it, takes us only through the 1952 election. Another volume is yet to come. Even for one who regards Stevenson as the most interesting political figure since the war, this book is awfully, sometimes numbingly long.

But there is more to criticize than the book's length. On a personal level, I don't think Martin is entirely fair to Stevenson's wife, Ellen Borden. Martin, and Stevenson's friends, blame her almost entirely for the painful breakup of their marriage while he was governor. But on Martin's own evidence, Stevenson was not a model husband or father. Although there is every reason to believe that Stevenson loved Ellen and his three sons, the nature of the work he chose caused him to be separated from his family for months at a time. And toward the end of his marriage, Stevenson was, according to Martin, having an affair with Alicia Patterson, founder of the Long Island newspaper, *Newsday*. By all accounts Ellen Borden was a very difficult woman but surely Stevenson himself must have contributed to the strains that destroyed the marriage.

There is also a serious lack in Martin's discussion of Stevenson the political man. Although the author goes into considerable detail about the '52 campaign, he never discusses what is crucial in any historical estimate of Stevenson: did he differ significantly from Democrats Truman, Kennedy and Johnson, hawks all, whose legacies were Korea and Vietnam? My view is that Stevenson would have departed significantly from the militaristic policy of his fellow Democrats. Others, however, argue that Stevenson was just another Cold Warrior, albeit more elegant. This essential question Martin simply ignores. Nonetheless, Martin has written an important book, sympathetic but candid about a complex and elusive man with rare political and human gifts but one who also had his quota of human failings.

The sixth volume of the Adlai Stevenson Papers centers on the 1956 campaign, one that was deliberately more political than the '52 contest. Nonetheless, as this valuable collection demonstrates, the '56 campaign was far from devoid of substance, for Stevenson called for an end to the testing of nuclear weapons, for abolition of the draft and for moving the competition with the Soviet Union from the military more to

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the political, economic and even philosophic levels: " . . . we talk of guns . . . and they talk of bread and better lives."

This book, like the Martin biography, was prepared by old friends. Walter Johnson, then a young history professor in Chicago, was a leader in the movement to draft Stevenson in '52 and Carol Evans was his long-time personal secretary. But they, more than Martin, let their friendship interfere with their editorial judgment. In this and the earlier volumes there are no substantial quotations from letters to Stevenson's wife and those other women for whom he cared deeply. To include many personal letters of merely passing interest and to exclude those that would have shed important light on Stevenson the man is an offense against history, especially in an exhaustive collection that purports to be definitive. This Bowdlerization mars an otherwise excellent series of lasting historical value.

Richard Walton

Richard Walton is the author of *The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson* (Coward).

Unequal Justice by Jerold Auerbach

(Oxford; $13.95)

If all historians are biased, as Jerold Auerbach suggests in his new study of the legal profession, surely some are more biased than others. It is healthy to admit one's prejudices, as Auerbach readily does. All historical writing has some ideological content. But the scholar must strive to transcend his prejudices, and to develop an analysis that will seem illuminating to others with quite different convictions.

A different conception of the historian's task, however, seems to lie behind Auerbach's book. *Unequal Justice* reads like a political tract. Auerbach went to law school to avoid a career in business, he tells us. But he soon discovered that the legal profession functioned as an adjunct of the corporate world. Outraged, he fled. And to this day he has sustained that outrage. It is the task of the legal profession, he tells us, to provide equal justice. "In the United States justice has been distributed according to race, ethnicity, and wealth, rather than need. This is not equal justice under law, but unequal justice under lawyers."

Who would dispute the ideal? Certainly the world would be a better place if there was no poverty, no wars, no racial conflict and no unequal justice. These are laudable political goals. But the task of the historians differs from that of the political activist. In the years since he left law school, Auerbach has become an historian; *Unequal Justice* is a history of the legal profession in the 20th century. It must be judged as such.

If, since his law school days, Auerbach has lost none of his outrage, he has shed much of his original innocence. He no longer believes that all lawyers hunger for occasions to defend the civil liberties of political or social outcasts. Yet he assumes that you and I are as naïve as he once was. Projecting his own initial naïveté on to the public, he devotes an entire book to disabusing us of illusions we never possessed. Who believes that the legal profession in the last seven decades has provided equal justice to rich and poor, Protestant, Catholic and Jew, black and white, alike? Who believes that the doors of access to the profession have always been equally open to all? Auerbach's historical inquiry is a sustained effort to wipe the mists from our eyes—to teach us what he began to see in the first week of law school in 1957.

There are good things in the account. Certainly we did not need another book to tell us how indispensable the legal profession has been to the functioning of our democratic society. There are valuable discussions of the rise of the corporate firms and of legal aid, for example. Yet two serious problems plague the work. Auerbach condemns, as morally obnoxious, attitudes and events that were largely predictable. More important, with disturbing frequency, his account is distorted.

Auerbach is outraged about everyday sociological phenomena. In the opening decades of the century, he tells us, a WASP elite was determined to hold on to the power it possessed. Immigrant and urban working class groups that threatened its professional hegemony were repelled. Auerbach would have leaders of the American bar set aside self-interest and follow his ethical guidelines. Of course, once the new corporate, native American legal elite rose to the top, it was inevitable that it should guard the gates of power.

Corporate lawyers, Auerbach tells us, "exerted professional leverage quite disproportionate to their numbers." It is true, of course, of all elites. These lawyers, Auerbach goes on, let group interest shape their sense of professional responsibility. Again, was this behavior special to the legal profession? Auerbach finds it morally reprehensible that the legal elite established criteria to define ethical and unethical professional behavior, "rules of ethical deviance" that were "neither universal nor timeless." What rules governing deviance are?

The choices the legal profession made were largely conditioned by society. Auerbach brings us the news that those who received the best legal care were those that could pay for it. The dirty secret is out. Would the legal profession deny it? Particularly in the years prior to the New Deal, Americans got what they paid for. Law was not special in this regard. The structure of legal services reflected dominant American values.

It is Auerbach's contention that the legal profession had special obligations—that, whatever the historical circumstances, it *should* have behaved differently. Equal justice, after all, was its professed aim. Of course all of us, and particularly all who engage in public business (storekeepers, landlords, educators, doctors and lawyers) are "obliged" to behave ethically. Yet the historian will ackowledge that unless conditions are right, such obligations are not likely to be met. The definition of equal justice has changed with changing conditions. Concepts such as free speech, due process and equal justice are never static. Auerbach demands that the legal profession of 1910 be held to the standards of today.

It is in Auerbach's interest to give the reader an insufficient sense of the historical context in which the events he describes took place. Pulling material out of context allows him to judge it by contemporary standards. He must argue that options were open—that the legal elite can be held accountable for the choices it made. How else condemn it?

I am suggesting that history and society made the legal profession what it was. Changes in the structure of the profession awaited changes in the structure of the society at large. My dispute with Auberbach goes deeper than this suggests, however. The picture he gives us is a distorted one. He simplifies in hysterical ways, argues tendentiously, and engages in political

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polemics at the expense of historical accuracy.

To give but a few examples: Auerbach charges the profession, in the years before the New Deal, with rampant anti-Semitism. Did the lawyers believe in some sort of international Jewish conspiracy? Were they virulently hostile towards Jews, and not equally so towards Poles, Italians, etc.? The charge of widespread and genuine anti-Semitism is never substantiated. To be sure, they were nativists: insular and ethnocentric. But in this regard the legal profession was certainly not special.

In fact, not only was the legal profession far from unique, the standards of admission it adopted greatly benefitted the Jews. Auerbach condemns as bigoted the attempt to set high academic standards for admission to the profession. The ABA in 1921 proposed that only those with two years of college and three years of law school be admitted to the bar. Yet such academic standards, if implemented, would have left the door partly open. The subjective ones Auerbach prefers would have shut it tight.

By the end of the New Deal the ethnic composition of the upper echelons had altered. Via the Roosevelt administration, Jews had made it in. At no point, however, does Auerbach acknowledge change for the better. Having condemned ethnic homogeneity as morally abhorrent, he then asserts that ethnic diversity made no difference. Nativism was a blight, but when it disappeared, the profession was left just as badly off. The newcomers, he tells us, did nothing but perpetuate the old traditions. "New Deal lawyers did not make the world over." It is true: America did not become a socialist utopia, with no top or bottom, no privileged and underprivileged class. But real change occurred, although to acknowledge such change would be to take the wind out of Auerbach's political sails. Did the new legal elite have the same economic values as the pre-1937 one? Was it as ethnocentric?

Auerbach is distressed by the nationalistic conformity of the legal elite during the Cold War. Again, he neglects the historical context. Civil liberties don't flourish during periods of either hot or cold war. But the Cold War was not a time of unprecedented repression. Nor were existing First, Fifth and Sixth Amendment rights drastically diluted, as Auerbach implies. The courts had never interpreted such rights generously.

In the Warren Court years, Auerbach argues, Red-baiting took a new form. Political reactionaries now spoke in terms of "neutral" principles. He refers to the writing of Herbert Wechsler and others who contended that the Supreme Court had an obligation to frame its decisions in reasoned, neutral terms—terms that a politically diverse society could accept. These jurisprudential preferences, Auerbach tells us, "incorporated deeply conservative, even anti-libertarian political values." They constituted "the final capitulation of the professional elite to the passions of the Cold War." Auerbach grossly oversimplifies. Wechsler's argument is directed against judicial activists—of liberal *or* conservative persuasion. A few more years of Justice Rehnquist and the liberals will be singing its refrain. Once again, Auerbach has let his political passion override his judgment.

Auerbach asks that the profession put "social justice" before "legal order." Lawyers, he says, are too prone to elevate process over substance, means over ends. It is a dangerous argument. Ends shift with the political winds. It is in the procedures established by Anglo-American law that our hopes for liberty must largely rest.

Abigail Thernstrom

Abigail Thernstrom is a lecturer on social studies at Harvard.

Punishing Criminals: Concerning a Very Old And Painful Question by Ernest van den Haag

(Basic Books; $11.50)

An old professor of mine used to divide the books of this world into two categories: those that were serious and those that were not. Most of the world's books, he assured me, were not worth reading. Since he was a most learned man, his words had weight with me. His distinction comes to mind whenever I contemplate bulging bookshelves, bookstore windows or publishers' catalogues. It is a comfort to know that there are thousands of books you can do without.

My old professor would have placed Ernest van den Haag's book on God's right hand, among the serious. He would have done so with regret, however, because he was a liberal man and van den Haag is a conservative. Still *Punishing Criminals* meets all of his criteria of seriousness. It asks hard questions and provides sober, judicious and consistent answers. Since I am not of van den Haag's political persuasion, I think his answers are wrong, but they are certainly worth reading. *Punishing Criminals* is a clever philosophical defense of the institution of punishment and a vigorous statement of the conservative strategy of crime control. Conservatives have made all the running in the recent discussions about crime. Liberals and radicals are either recanting in the face of the crime statistics or fighting rearguard actions against the punishment school. Now, in Ernest van den Haag, they have a new and formidable opponent.

Any writer about crime starts with some assumption about how grave the problem is, and as a conservative, van den Haag assumes it is serious indeed. He says, "the decline in the feeling of public safety reflects not media-instigated hysteria but a correct perception." His prescription for the problem is

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based on a series of arguments about what makes people commit crimes. He argues that people choose the criminal career rationally, by weighing the benefits of crime (money, status, power, sexual gratification) against the costs (punishment). If, according to their lights, the benefits outweigh the costs, they usually choose crime. They are not forced into it by poverty, miseducation, bad company or bad environment. To be sure, these factors may be 'causes' of crime, but they do not 'compel' people to become criminals. Many of the poor, after all, resist temptation and remain honest. Moreover, van den Haag says, crime rates have shown a steady rise despite both relative and absolute improvements in the condition of poor whites and blacks in this country.

Essentially, *Punishing Criminals* is an argument against the possibility or desirability of distributive equality and a polemic against those who believe that distributive equality will reduce crime. He takes the Tocquevillian position that improving the conditions of the disadvantaged may only increase their expectations, their envy, and their frustration. Accordingly, he denies that greater employment opportunities, better housing and education would bring about a significant reduction in crime.

If liberal social engineering cannot help us, neither, says van den Haag, will therapy, training or counseling of offenders. Criminals are not sick, defective or maladapted. They are, for the most part, as rational as the rest of us. They chose to engage in crime, and they cannot be expected to cooperate with therapies intended to make them regard their choice as irrational, immoral, schizoid or sick. It is interesting that the conservative view of the criminal as a rational actor is shared by many radical criminologists. The left and right at least agree that the psychiatric model of criminality as pathology is both patronizing and deforming.

Since crime is a rational career, selected after some consideration of the costs and benefits, the most effective way to reduce crime is to increase the costs of criminal behavior. Professor van den Haag belongs to the 'twilight of authority' school, who believe that the current social crisis (violence, terrorism, criminality) is largely caused by the failure of rulers to exert their just authority. *Punishing Criminals* contains a list of ways to restore the authority of law by making detection and punishment more certain and more severe.

He would deny bail to anyone with previous convictions; lower the statutory age for juveniles from 16 to 13 to enable the courts to sentence them with the same severity as adults; and reinstitute the death penalty for lifers who commit murders in prison, skyjackers and kidnapers who commit murder, and spies and revolutionaries who jeopardize the security of the state in times of crisis. In order to increase the conviction rate in the courts, he favors a more restricted use of the 'exclusionary rule,' under which evidence seized without legal authority is kept from the jury. He agrees that the courts should punish illegal behavior by police and district attorneys—but not by throwing out convictions obtained with illegally produced evidence. Thus, the case against Ellsberg should not have been dismissed. The government's misconduct was punishable, but it did not constitute grounds for dismissal as it was irrelevant to the defendant's guilt or innocence.

Professor van den Haag's most controversial suggestion is the detention of 'dangerous' and violent offenders *after* completion of their prison term. A 'supervisory court' would select categories of prisoners who stood a 60 to 75 percent chance of recidivism and order their detention in non-punitive surroundings after release from prison. He is not clear how long such offenders should be detained, but implies that they might be kept until they were too old to constitute a danger.

All of this is stern medicine. He is sure to be attacked by those who believe that punishment does not reduce crime, but I am not sure that this is the best line of argument to take against him. Tougher punishment might indeed reduce the crime rate. The question is not whether punishment works, but what price you are prepared to pay for its working. He admits some of his measures make him 'uneasy'. Is the crime situation so serious that it warrants such measures? If detaining dangerous recidivists after their prison terms would reduce the crime rate by 10 percent, should we do it, knowing that the prediction of dangerous is, by his own admission, unreliable? I don't like violent or dangerous behavior any more than Professor van den Haag, but I think that people can only be punished for what they have done, not for what they might do.

Ultimately, as he says himself, you line up on these questions according to the relative value you attach to order or justice. If you believe order is the paramount value, and if you believe order is under attack from all sides, as he does, you might well support measures to forcibly detain those who have already paid the formal penalties of the law. On the other hand, if you believe that it is more important for a society to be just than to be orderly, you would probably let the 'dangerous' go and take the chance that they will do harm again. Mr. van den Haag sides with order, I with justice. The choice is not a happy one. He is bothered by the cost to civil liberties of his strategy. I am bothered by the idea of letting people go who may do violence again. But such choices have to be made. Making them is what clear thinking is all about.

Michael Ignatieff

Michael Ignatieff is writing a book about penitentiaries in the Industrial Revolution.

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A Family Affair by Rex Stout

(Viking; $5.95)

Hammett by Joe Gores

(Putnam's; $7.95)

Murder, murder, arson, rape, and fraud: will it be inappropriate to begin with a confession? I read detective stories about these terrible things in an entirely childish frame of mind. Not the frame of mind, I should explain, of an infant Oedipus, but that of a child settling down for a bedtime story. These novels are also preludes to unconsciousness, and just as the ritual of bedtime or of trance is invariable and strict, so is the ceremony of crime. Like a sleepy child, for example, in the detecting mood I want only the old familiar stories, told in the familiar way with the familiar characters and with the predictable

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conclusion. I find a detective I like and track down his adventures singlemindedly, in drugstores, airports, libraries; I stack them into comfortable decks that deal the same card over and over—it is one reason for the popularity of detective "series" these days, I suppose, even gruesomely pinheaded ones like *The Executioner* #1, #2, #3, etc.; they stabilize us for a moment in a rapidly darkening world. So it is all the sadder to say that *A Family Affair* is the last of the Nero Wolfe novels, for his grand creator Rex Stout died at the age of 84 a few weeks after its publication.

To the buff a certain valedictory note is thus sounded occasionally—Inspector Cramer blurts out a compliment to Wolfe: "I've never mentioned that this is the best working room I know. The best-looking. I mention it now because I may never see it again."—but in general *A Family Affair* hums along with the effortless hypnotic power of the best of the earlier books. And it is encouragingly childish in all the most satisfactory ways. (The title alone suggests a special coziness.) Never has Stout worked more cleverly that indispensable routine of all detective stories, the "counting out" of a ring of suspects like children in a game, the naming of the culprit, the tagging of "it." And never has Wolfe been more irritable and interesting, more petulantly parental, smacking down rules left and right for Archie like an irrational father, locking him out of mysterious adult deliberations, retreating to his orchid rooms for grown-up rites. (Is it any accident that Archie habitually drinks milk at his little desk while Wolfe gulps Remmer's beer? MILK! Small wonder that Rex Stout made his first fortune with a children's banking scheme in the Depression.) None of Stout's other heroes—Tecumseh Fox, Alphabet Hicks—has ever approached Wolfe for such muleheaded but benevolent tyranny; he swings into his role like a gigantic Freudian patriarch, implacable master of a household of admiring sons—Archie, Saul, Fritz, Theodore—who whisper continually and nervously of "him."

In *Hammett* Joe Gores has taken such boyish hero-worship to a bold and welcome extreme. Although he claims in an Afterword that a friend began the whole business with an innocent remark ("I wonder what would happen if somebody wrote a detective novel using Dashiell Hammett as the protagonist."), it is far easier to believe that the impulse had been percolating in Gores' mind long before. For he has written a novel about the writer whose career in some respects has served as a model for his own—like Dashiell Hammett, the ex-Pinkerton op, Gores worked as a private detective in San Francisco for many years, then turned to fulltime writing. And now after several excellent preliminaries, including an Edgar Award for his first novel, he has produced a splendid story, a candy-apple to the connoisseur. Gores' villains lurk, and sneer, and grovel, and skulk; like comic-book heavies his San Francisco of 1928 heaves with bootleggers, reform committees, Irish mayors, flappers; and through them all paces the chevalier Hammett, clearing the fog with steely glances and a blazing .45.

"Are you crazy? I'm Boyd Mulligan!"

The stranger stood in the center of the room with his legs set wide, leaning toward Boyd as if against a strong wind.

"And I'm Dashiell Hammett," he said.

"Ham . . . Hammett?"

He felt his lower lip tremble. He pushed the lank black hair from his eyes. He wasn't ready for this. He, well hell, he just. . . .

Like Nero Wolfe (who is drawn into Watergate), indeed like most American detectives, Gores' intrepid Hammett sets out to clean up a corrupt society, to scour San Francisco of its graft. But his civic aim is constantly deflected by a revenge *motif* worthy of Jacobean drama and by Gores' obvious delight in the conventions of his genre. A labyrinthine journey through the most sinister opium den in modern fiction, for instance, fast fan-tan players and giant Mongol guards, leads at last to the innermost chamber of Chinatown vice.

Chin Kim Guy bounced to his feet behind the table, hand extended. "Hammett!" he exclaimed, "Long time no see. Hear the one about the minister and the little boy he caught swearing? He says, 'Little boy, when you talk like that the chills run up and down my spine.' And the boy says, 'If you'd heard my ma when she caught her tit in the wringer, you'd of froze to death.'" He burst into high-pitched laughter and waved Hammett to a chair across the table. "Rest the dogs."

Perhaps, but not likely, Gores had even more fun writing this book than we do reading it.

A more serious interest threatens at other times, when Gores attempts to describe not only Hammett the private op, but also Hammett the writer. Here the story of the detective-novelist verges upon becoming a detective story about writing detective stories. Hammett uses a ploy from an actual tale, "The Golden Horseshoe," to trap one errant hood, and between missions we hear him revising *Red Harvest* as he watches a prize fight:

Only in the novel, the Boulanger character wouldn't be trying to pick his round—he'd be trying to throw the fight. And . . . sure, the Op wouldn't let him. Why? Some criminal charge from back east that the Op had found out about, and. . . .

At such moments plotting may be taken as a metaphor for plotting: detecting as an image for writing. It is precisely the way Hammett goes about solving a real case ("Did Biltmore know *who* he was hiding up there in the redwoods? Or had Epstein lied to him about a secret witness or an endangered client or. . . ."). We recognize an alarmingly fashionable theme, prominent especially among contemporary French literary critics like Roland Barthes and Jacques Derrida: the portrait of the artist as private eye. And it hangs in a whole gallery of recent studies asserting that literature essentially has only itself as subject. Gores, however, is not paralyzed by self-consciousness, as the academy these days likes to think of writers (might not Gores speak of the advantages of influence instead of the anxiety?). The tension he chooses to probe, unheard of in academia, is between doing and writing, between two different worlds and two different kinds of heroism. The example of Hammett intrigues him because Hammett crossed over from one world to another, leaving Pinkerton's for *Black Mask*, and for a time, 10 years perhaps, survived with both sets of skills intact. But the tension is there to probe, after all, because the realities of one world subsist only with difficulty in the realities of the other, internecine like foreign organisms in a cell; eventually one or both breaks down.

Hammett closed the door on the oratory. He and Wright had the hallway to themselves.

"Your little plot didn't come off too

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well," said the op.

"It worked in my story."

"Yeah." He looked thoughtfully at Hammett. "Only this ain't a story."

We catch our breaths, trembling on the brink of "metacritics," but the moment passes, and the reassuring cadence of falling bodies, rising screams, and grinding teeth resumes, a fairy tale for adults in which the death and lies too real in one world are rendered harmless in another.

Max Byrd

Max Byrd is professor of English at the University of California, Davis.

Correspondence

Jimmy's OK

To the editors:

I am writing to protest your treatment of Jimmy Carter and his campaign in your lead editorial, "Crossroads Ahead" in your April 17 issue. I feel that you are unfairly biased against him, and for improper reasons—class and regional prejudice.

I am a committed liberal, have contributed more than I can afford on a graduate student budget to Udall's campaign, and have bust my ass for McGovern, Lowenstein and other liberal causes and campaigns. I was on the staff of the National Youth Caucus in 1972. I am not boasting or trying to impress you, but only trying to convince you that I have no axe to grind, and am ordinarily in agreement with most of the positions of *The New Republic.*

You belittle Carter's slim victory over Udall in Wisconsin, and you implicitly praise Udall for having "run a strong second in every race he has contested seriously." You forget, or deliberately ignore, the facts that as bland an organization as NBC brought out: Udall spent over $400,000 in Wisconsin to Carter's $150,000, and spent, if I recall correctly, more than 20 days in the state to Carter's three. Yes, Mo came closer than the late polls predicted. *But,* he himself had been saying for months that he had to win in Wisconsin and he had had the lead before Carter was considered a serious candidate. How about some respect from your political observers for a man who can come in late, spend little time and one third of the money of his chief rival, and win, albeit by a slight margin.

You say, "Carter probably did as badly as he did in New York because that state's politics tends to be rather more ideological than others . . ." Nowhere do you point out that Carter ran fewer delegates than Udall or Jackson, and thus couldn't win as many, that Jackson and his friends in the state Democratic machine knocked off six of Carter's slates, on technicalities, while other technicalities gave Bayh's delegates to Udall, so his delegate count soared. I think that you say Carter did badly because of his ideological weakness because *you* think he is ideologically weak. Furthermore, you seem to implicitly equate Jackson's strong showing with an ideological position endorsed by the voters, which I think is questionable. You tell me how much ideology matters to Matt Troy and the other Democratic bosses.

You say: "He's (Carter) given no thoughtful voter any reason more substantial to want him to win the next primary except that he'd won the last one." That is a cheap snide remark unworthy of the pages of *The New Republic.* In fact, Carter's positions aren't that far from Udall's or Jackson's on quite a few issues, and are better, in my opinion, in your ideological terms, on a number of issues than Jackson's.

For starters, Carter has an excellent record on civil rights and the environment (on both of these points, he is better than Jackson). He is economically more cautious than Udall or Jackson, but not by much, and has recently endorsed the Humphrey-Hawkins bill. I expect that you are aware that serious observers have found serious weaknesses in that bill, the keystone of Jackson's economic program. Carter may be an unknown on foreign policy, but I'll take him over Jackson, the senator from the Pentagon who just recently wanted us to send troops into Lebanon!

Secondly, what is wrong with winning? Jackson picked his primaries, spent a hell of a lot of money, had close ties to the local machines, and won two primaries, and you took him seriously. You point out correctly that the Democrats need to win Massachusetts and New York in November, but we can't win on those states alone. Carter would certainly carry them if he were the candidate. Much as I love Mo and want him to win, he seems to be limited to about 30-35 percent of the vote, and even a partisan of his will concede that he is not a dynamic campaigner. In terms of minimal fairness, we as Democrats ought to recognize that Carter's broad appeal can be a real asset in the fall, particularly as contrasted to Ford's bland stupidity.

I would like to see Udall as the nominee, but I can live with Carter, and could get excited about a Carter-Udall ticket. Henry Jackson is dull, boring, predictable, owned by big labor, and I think very dangerous on foreign policy questions. (Not that I wouldn't vote for him enthusiastically over Ford.) Why can't you give Carter some credit and some fair play in your pages instead of the Reg Murphy hatchet job you printed a while back? Let me refer you to Jason Berry's book review of the books on Wallace in *The Nation* of April 10th. He makes some good points about the liberal reaction to Carter which I think apply to you as well, and that you might want to think about.

In conclusion, I think you are narrowly prejudiced against successful politicians from the South, who do not uniformly hold to the Washington-New York urban liberal credo, and are even skeptical about some liberal dogma. Look, we have to win in November, so can't you keep it clean and fair?

Jonathan B. Eddison
Ann Arbor, Mich.

But Cyrus Isn't

To the editors:

Bravo for *The New Republic*'s piece on the foreign policy establishment ("Henry's Successor," May 8). I hope you continue to sound this theme as time goes on. To keep Cyrus Vance, *et. al.* out of office is probably more vital to our nation than getting any particular person in. One of the saddest aspects of the McGovern candidacy was the intimation that in the event of election, no better people could be found to get us out of Southeast Asia than those who got us in. But do you think the Wall Street-Council on Foreign Relations-Law School stranglehold on foreign affairs can really be broken? Anyhow, keep it up, please.

Henry Fetter
Cambridge, Massachusetts

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Sour Grapes?

To the editors:

John Osborne's "Woodstein Flap" (*TNR*, April 24) sounds like a bad case of sour grapes. Tell us why the Washington press corps to a man except for W & B failed to smell the Watergate rats. Is it because all are being spoon fed mimeographed handouts and don't want to disturb the status quo for fear of losing "their contacts"?

With all of Osborne's White House Watching why didn't he blow the fuse on Nixon? It seems to be in poor taste for the Washington press corps to attack W & B out of jealousy. I'm surprised to see Osborne join the pack.

Charles H. Stoddard
Minong, Wisconsin

More on Hiss

To the editors:

As a long-time student of the Hiss Case, permit me to express two reactions to Allen Weinstein's article (*TNR*, Feb. 14). On the one hand, Professor Weinstein and the ACLU deserve the praise and gratitude of the reading public for securing from the FBI a copy of much of its file on the case. On the other hand, Professor Weinstein is, in my opinion, no more competent to interpret this file than any other literate citizen.

Professor Weinstein conveys the impression that other readers of this file are biased and incompetent. He discreetly fails to name those "gullible," "ultra-partisan" and "reckless" others who "will find evidence to validate their previous claims" while "historians uncommitted to any initial version of events may not be equally satisfied . . ." He warns of "the danger . . . that, given its post-Watergate mood, American public opinion will accept such charges far more readily than it would have in the past, with or without adequate proof." He leaves the impression that he (and only he) is *not* committed to a prior position and *not* blinded by that strain of historical hysteria which infects the rest of us.

As to his lack of commitment to a previous position, Professor Weinstein's letter to Elliot Richardson (8/15/73), which was an exhibit to a paper filed in his suit under the Freedom of Information Act, speaks for itself. In this letter he states his belief that the Rosenbergs were guilty: "I did and still do accept, on the basis of my own research into the available evidence, the government's contention that the Rosenbergs were Soviet Agents." He expresses confidence in what his conclusions about the FBI file will be prior to its disclosure: "Examination [of the FBI file] will, I think, bear out substantially the commonly accepted facts presented by the government at their trial . . ." Finally, he volunteers to use the files to put to rest public doubts about the Rosenberg case: "I have defended the FBI against proponents of a simplistic 'frameup theory' in the Rosenberg Case. . . . Unfortunately scholars cannot adequately confront what I believe are the often unsubstantiated charges . . . without access to these heretofore unavailable FBI records on the case." Despite the pose of suspended judgment adopted in his article ("whatever the truth of these claims," "it would be a reckless scholar who . . . could confidently respond . . . without examining each specific question"), the record indicates that Professor Weinstein approaches these files with an outstanding offer to Mr. Richardson as well as with preconceptions and commitments to previous interpretations of the sort which, in other researchers, he finds distasteful.

Professor Weinstein may not be infected like the rest of us by post-Watergate hysteria. It appears from his writings and lectures, however, that he is the unfortunate victim of a far more crippling intellectual catastrophe, the Cold War. The frightening events of that period taught many that "balanced" conclusions were preferable to those supported by evidence. I seem to recall that Professor Weinstein once expressed the view that one party (the Rosenbergs) was guilty while the other (Alger Hiss) seemed innocent. Such a stance appears without doubt neither too Left nor too Right. But whether the files and other evidence support such a conclusion as opposed to one of the other three alternatives is an entirely different matter. One can only wonder whether the anxiety Professor Weinstein expresses in his article at being caught between the extreme left and the ultra-right will make his historical interpretations more objective or, in contrast, merely more middle-of-the-road.

In any event, I hope that in future writings Professor Weinstein curbs his propensity to berate fellow researchers so as to make himself appear more objective. The test of his objectivity is not after all the degree of his contempt for others but the quality of his own research. His conclusions should not be valued more highly than anyone else's merely because of his greater prominence. Rather, they should be scrutinized like everyone else's to see what evidence is provided in their support, whether other inferences are equally plausible, and whether there exists other evidence with which they are inconsistent. Tilting at fellow truth-seekers is an irrelevant pastime at best and can only deflect his energy from the important task of discovering what actually transpired in each of these historic cases.

Stephen W. Salant
Washington, DC

In reply:

Why do Alger Hiss' closest "partisans" such as Peter Irons and Stephen W. Salant become so irate over that word? Salant bills himself as an "independent researcher" on the Hiss case, yet he has been intimately associated with the Hiss defense (according to Hiss, at least) for several years. Both Irons and Salant last year filed lawsuits in tandem with Hiss' own suit for FBI files and participated in

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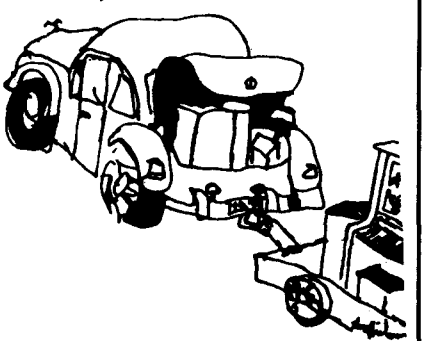

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a joint press conference with Hiss last year announcing their suit. My dictionary defines a "partisan" as "one who supports or endorses a party or cause with great devotion or zeal." Surely that describes the feelings both Irons and Salant have about Hiss' innocence.

Turning to Salant's letter, he either misconstrues or distorts deliberately the position argued in my article, "On the Search for Smoking Guns," in the February 14 *New Republic*. I did not state in that piece—nor do I believe—that a scholar's mind begins examining a problem without *any* preconceptions. But a scholar must be prepared to change opinions on a subject being researched under the impact of new evidence. A "partisan" cannot afford this luxury, since those whose beliefs *commit* them to maintaining their preconception of a historical event will always find ways of molding the evidence (or that portion of it found convenient for purposes of argument) to their original purposes. On the Hiss case, which is really Salant's major concern, three years of exhaustive research has persuaded me that my earlier opinions were wrong. Although Whittaker Chambers lied on some matters, his basic story of involvement in Communist espionage during the 1930s and of his relationship to Alger Hiss has been sustained by the evidence: by the FBI files, the Hiss defense files, other previously classified government documents, extensive interviewing, and still other material. I began my research believing in Hiss' innocence of Chambers' graver charges, but the evidence has forced me to alter that earlier opinion.

Such "perfidy" outrages Salant, who chooses to attack my recent published articles on the *Hiss* case indirectly by referring to my earlier views on the *Rosenberg* case. Lest readers be deceived into thinking that these opinions were known only to Elliot Richardson, as Salant implies, I must point out that my letter to Richardson merely summarized the conclusions of an earlier article in *Commentary* ("Agit-Prop and the Rosenbergs," July 1970), in which I concluded that the Rosenbergs were probably guilty of being Soviet agents—but that they were probably less important agents than the government believed and, in any event, that the death penalty was harsh and undeserved. My letter to Richardson, as Salant must know, was written in a futile effort at the time to speed release of *all* the FBI documents in the Rosenberg (and Hiss) case so that they could be made available to *all* researchers, including partisans. Salant undoubtedly found a copy of the letter where I had inserted it, into the court exhibits in my ACLU-supported lawsuit for the files as evidence of the government's obstructionism.

Salant also knows, if only from reading the *New Republic* article, that my scrutiny of the 28,000 pages of FBI files released on the Rosenberg case has already changed my earlier views on the case. The FBI files show (as the defense charged at the time) that David Greenglass *did* steal a chunk of uranium from Los Alamos after the war, an incident that might have undermined his credibility as a witness had the trial jury known the fact. The files also indicate that Greenglass implicated his sister, Ethel, far less (at first) than he did Julius Rosenberg. Moreover, the Justice Department records confirm that the prosecutors were initially reluctant to ask for a death penalty and did so only after pressure from the Atomic Energy Commission and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. In short, they do not "bear out" the government's claims in these matters, as I thought they would when I first researched the case, and as I indicated clearly in *The New Republic*.

But neither do the FBI files released thus far "bear out" through any credible evidence the notion of a government conspiracy to frame the Rosenbergs (indeed, other bureau documents, such as the interviews with informer Jerome Tartakow, strengthen the case for *Julius'* involvement in *some* form of espionage.) In these and other ways, the FBI files have already altered the views on the case that I held when writing in *Commentary* several years ago. Salant must know this, but he responds with an untrue and offensive innuendo that my letter to Richardson promised the attorney general some kind of a "deal"—release the files in return for my *future* support for the government's case. Even the small section of my letter that Salant cites doesn't justify this smear. I offered Richardson only what any scholar would have under the circumstances; an honest hearing. Would Salant prefer that I advocate a "simplistic frameup theory" of the Rosenberg (or Hiss) case whatever the facts? Apparently so.

Partisans such as Salant have trouble accepting the idea that historians have a responsibility to separate myth from fact and, furthermore, that we normally change our conclusions either on the basis of fresh evidence or through reevaluating older information. I do not begrudge Salant or Irons their hot pursuit of documentary "smoking guns" in the Hiss case but they, in turn, will have to deal with the findings of historians who are not committed at all costs (as they are) to vindicating a once-held position. My findings, like theirs, will stand or fall in the marketplace of ideas depending on the quality of research and analysis, not "credentials." For historians, Mr. Salant, the name of the game is *evidence*, not belief.

Allen Weinstein

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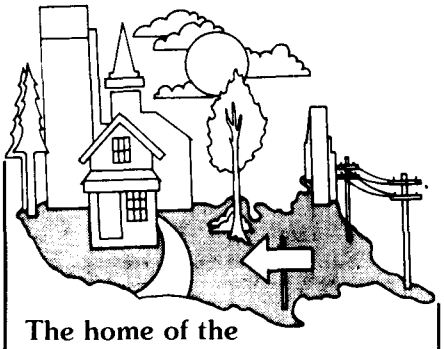

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1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
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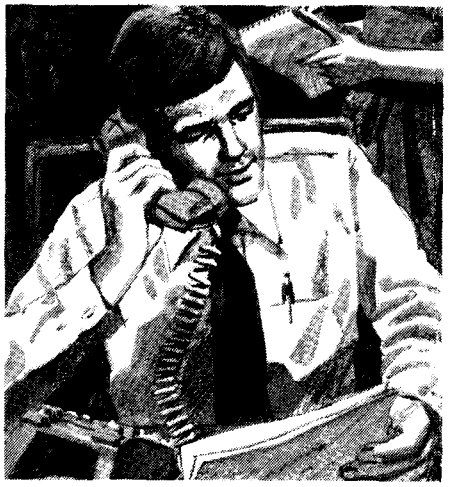
"I'll take the next plane."

It's an expression that has become part of our language. Made possible by the most reliable and responsive air transportation system in the world. With 2,200 airplanes making 13,000 daily flights here and abroad.

Each day this jet fleet moves more than half a million passengers . . . 80 per cent of all first class mail . . . and tons of freight between airports serving thousands of communities, large and small.

These vital air links



help bind us together as a nation—uniting business people, family and friends. Taking us where we choose, when we choose—whether for business, vacation travel, or in an emergency.

The jet network of the U.S. scheduled airlines represents a widespread, convenient and rapid transportation system.

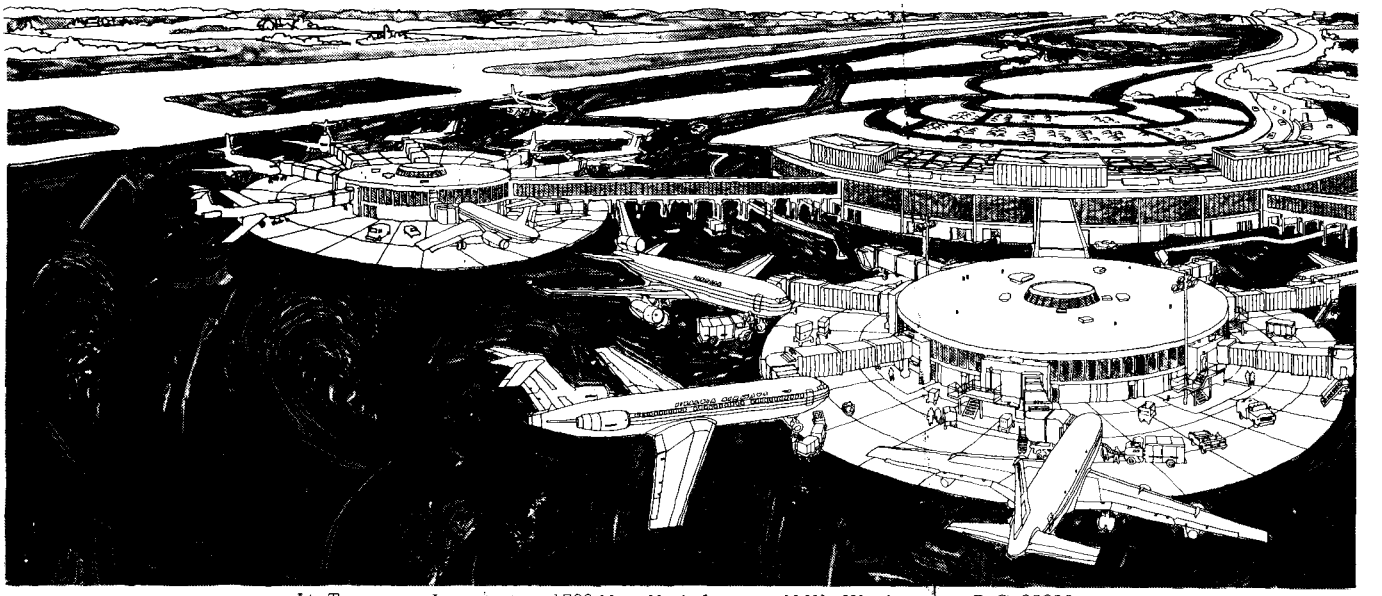
It's a dependable system that works.

That's why, no matter where you have to fly, no matter when, you can always say, "I'll take the next plane."

Let's keep it that way.

THE AIRLINES OF AMERICA

Public Transportation at its best.



Air Transport Association, 1709 New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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